EEING FEARSOME THINGS," LORD LYTTON'S GREAT GHOST STORY
OK OUT FOR IT IN NEXT WEEK'S LEDGER. YOUR HAIR WILL RAISE

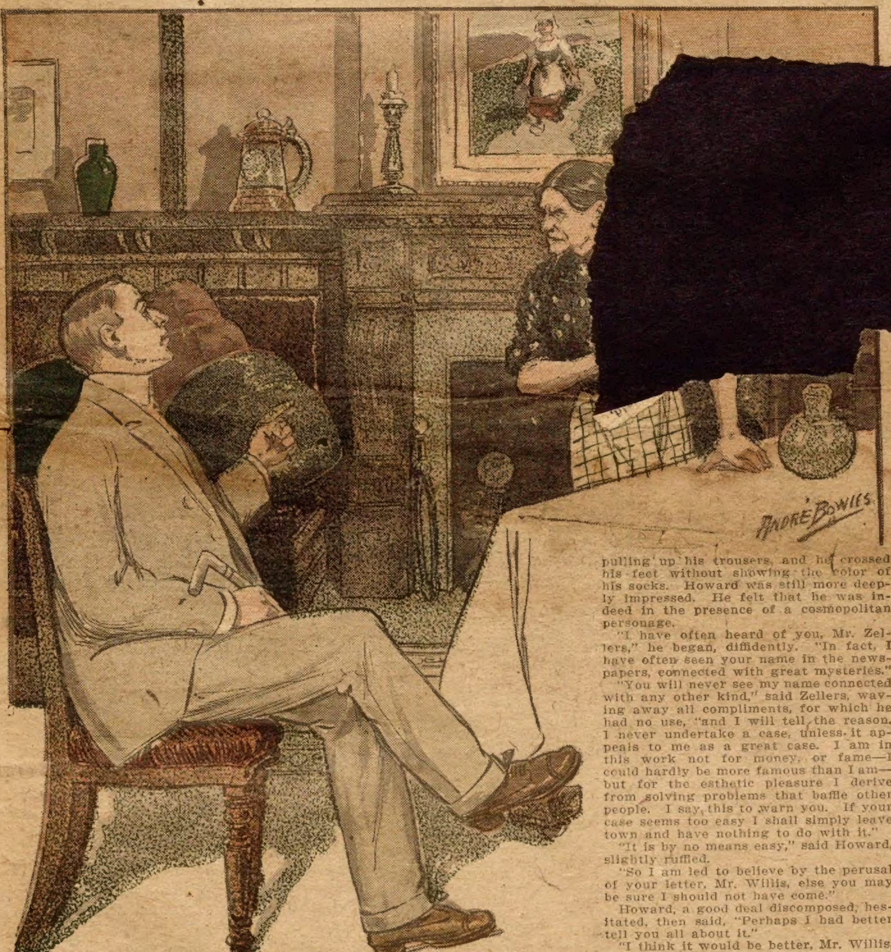
THE CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XXXIX. NO. 19. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1911. SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.

THE IRON TRUNK MYSTERY

Keeneyes' Greatest Case

By T. BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS



[Copyright 1911 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 18, May 6. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER VIII.

KEENEYES ASKS QUESTION.

EARLY the next morning Howard Willis wrote to the celebrated detective, well known on both sides of the waters as "Keeneyes."

The second day after sending the letter, the man, kno[illegible] as "Keeneyes," stepped off the car at Lumberburg, and inquired for Howard Willis' law office. He went thither in the hack, and sent up his card—"Richard Zellers."

Howard was duly impressed by the fact that any one should send up a card. The lawyers of Lumberburg were not ceremonious. When you wanted to communicate with one of them, you went to the door, usually opened it without knocking, and groped your way through a cloud of tobacco smoke to the man whose heels were highest upon the table. That man would be the senior member of the firm.

Howard was alone, when Richard Zellers entered. The young lawyer was glad of that, and he gave the boy directions to admit no one.

Richard Zellers was a man of scarce middle age, thin, tall, gray-eyed, and perfectly dressed. He sat down without pulling up his trousers, and he crossed his feet without showing the color of his socks. Howard was still more deeply impressed. He felt that he was indeed in the presence of a cosmopolitan personage.

"I have often heard of you, Mr. Zellers," he began, diffidently. "In fact, I have often seen your name in the newspapers, connected with great mysteries."

"You will never see my name connected with any other kind," said Zellers, waving away all compliments, for which he had no use, "and I will tell the reason. I never undertake a case, unless it appeals to me as a great case. I am in this work not for money, or fame—I could hardly be more famous than I am—but for the esthetic pleasure I derive from solving problems that baffle other people. I say this to warn you. If your case seems too easy I shall simply leave town and have nothing to do with it."

"It is by no means easy," said Howard, slightly ruffled.

"So I am led to believe by the perusal of your letter, Mr. Willis, else you may be sure I should not have come."

Howard, a good deal discomposed, hesitated, then said, "Perhaps I had better tell you all about it."

"I think it would be better, Mr. Willis, if you will simply answer my questions."

"Oh, certainly; only, how will you know what questions to ask?"

Richard Zellers smiled. "I will know what to ask. I am only uneasy lest you will not know how to answer them."

"I shall tell you everything I know."

"Very good. We will begin, then, with our first question," said the detective extending his long legs before him, and clasping his hands over his waistcoat. "The beginning, I take it, is the iron trunk."

"That's the beginning and the end of it," said Howard.

"I think not," smiled the other. "The iron trunk is undoubtedly the beginning of it; but I think you'll find that Keeneyes is the ending of it. Meaning myself, you understand, sir. But now to the question regarding this iron trunk—the first question I shall ask."

"I'm ready."

"I want you to observe, Mr. Willis, the manner of my questioning; it may give you an idea into my method. Mind you, I do not ask where the iron trunk is, or what it i[illegible] how big, or why your [illegible] you. And why? Be[illegible] [illegible]ings you tell me [illegible] you do not [illegible] you

[illegible]

"Certainly not."

"That is amazing," Keen[illegible]

"Why so?" returned Howar[illegible] nothing about the newspapers.

"Surely you don't mean to say you have not read them?"

"Read them? Why should I? They were old newspapers."

"You tell me," cried the detective, with some irritation, "that when you first opened that iron trunk, that you perceived two newspapers, and nothing but two newspapers, lying in the bottom of the trunk; and yet that you did not read them?"

"Of course I didn't."

"And didn't even examine the date?"

"Certainly not. A mere glance showed that they were old newspapers."

"But why do you suppose they had been left in the trunk?" cried the detective, impatiently, "if not to be read?"

"I suppose they had merely been left there—that they were simply worthless old papers."

"No detail of a mystery case is worthless," said Richard Zellers. "You have allowed a most important clew to escape you."

"Oh, no, I haven't," retorted Howard, who did not relish the other's supercilious tone. "The papers can be examined whenever you like; and if you undertake this case, you can read the newspapers as thoroughly as you please."

"How can that be, when you told me that the bird, the birdcage, and the two newspapers all vanished one night?"

"I told you that the bird came back, and was found perching upon the trunk the next morning."

"Yes, but the birdcage didn't come back, did it?"

"No, but the two newspapers did."

"Ha!" cried Keeneyes; "you said nothing of that."

"In my letter to you," said Howard, with some dignity, "I could not discuss the case in all its bearings; the letter would have been too long."

"True—true. Well, you say the newspapers came back?"

"They did."

"You found them perching with the bird?"

"Not with the bird. They did not come back the same day. But the day after the return of the bird, we had the idea to put the bird and cage back in the iron trunk, to see if they would disappear again."

"Ah, I see!" cried Keeneyes; "a friend lent you the bird while away on a visit, and you did not want the trouble of feeding it."

Howard blushed.

"Yes, yes. Well?"

"Well, the next morning we found the bird and cage just as we had put them in the trunk, only, the two newspapers were in there too."

"On the bottom of the trunk?"

"Yes, just as we had first found them."

"And still you did not read them?"

"Read them? Not much! I had a great idea to burn them up. However, I didn't, and they are there now."

"But the bird and cage?"

"They wouldn't disappear any more!"

"Did it occur to you as peculiar that they could disappear the first time—pass, as it were, through the iron sides of the trunk—and that the papers after disappearing from the trunk, could by some mysterious means get back into the trunk?"

"Of course it seems marvelous. And that is why we've employed you."

"I like this case," said Keeneyes. "It is a strange case. I'll undertake it. Now get ready for my second question. Are you ready, sir?"

CHAPTER IX.

KEENEYES PROVES TIRESOME.

Howard looked at the detective with a smile. "Your second question?" he repeated. "But it seems to me you have already asked a dozen."

"No," returned Keeneyes, "I have only asked one. That one was as follows: What was the date of the two newspapers found in your iron trunk. You did not know. Very good. Excellent. Now for the second question, which is: Who was the nearest living kinsman to Giles Newton?"

"The nearest living kinsman?"

"Yes, yes, the one closest of kin, living at the time he willed you the big house with its iron trunk."

"I was his cousin."

"I know you
ut
were there not
of new

were Newton cousins,
e kin as I; yet he selected

hat time, you had no suspicion
e liked you?"

None. He had never spoken to me in his life, though we lived here in the same town."

Keeneyes rubbed his lean jaw, and stretched out his legs to their utmost extent.

"Don't you think," he inquired, "that it was very peculiar for him to leave you his house, after living with you in the same town and never speaking to you?"

"The whole thing is peculiar," said Howard impatiently.

"Had he any reason for not speaking to you, or had you any for not speaking to him?"

"No personal reason. Of course, the Willis family and the Newtons hated each other, on account of the feud."

"I presume a relative of this Giles Newton had been killed by a Willis?"

"Yes."

"A close relative?"

"It was his only brother."

"Ah! That is very interesting. Now, the Willis that killed Giles' own brother, was he closely related to you?"

"Not very—just a distant cousin."

"But did no Willis ever shoot or stab a Newton? I mean, no other one?"

"A Newton had killed one of the Willises," said Howard.

"Ah! Was that Newton close kin to Giles Newton?"

"It was his own son."

"That is a vital point. Now, you tell me that Giles Newton's own brother was killed by one on your side of the family, and again, that Giles Newton's own son—probably in retaliation—killed a Willis."

"Yes."

"And yet after that, Giles deeded you his house?"

"He did, and that is why it seems so strange."

"And he had other relatives of his own living, too?"

"He did."

"But what about that son of his?"

"Oh, he died out in Colorado."

"Many years ago?"

"I think so. At least, several. I don't know just when. About five."

"At any rate, there is no doubt that he is dead?"

"The fact that Cousin Giles willed me his house, proves it."

"Not necessarily; he might have disinherited him."

"Oh, well, anyway, he is dead."

"How do you know?"

"How do we know anybody is dead?" returned Howard. "Everybody says so. Nobody ever sees him again. He vanishes from the earth. He ends. What more could you want?"

"You say everybody says he is dead. Can you name anybody that saw him after he died, or who attended his funeral?"

"You see," Howard explained, "he was a rather wild fellow—a hard drinker. He died out there in Colorado. Of course none of the town went out to prove it. News came that he was dead. Cousin Giles believed it. Everybody believed it."

"How do you know that your Cousin Giles believed it?"

"Well, for one thing, because he willed me the property," said Howard with a short laugh. He was beginning to feel that his detective might prove a great nuisance.

Keeneyes smiled. "I do not believe," he remarked, "that you will be able to help me any, in this mystery. It will be best for me to go at once to the house, and make my own examination."

"I can't leave the office, now," said Howard, "but I will send the officeboy to show you the way, if agreeable; and you will find my wife at home."

"That will be satisfactory. You have servants?"

"Only one—a sort of maid and cook and housekeeper, named Amonia and called Moany. I hope you will not question her as you have me; she doesn't let people annoy her."

"What does she do?" asked Keeneyes, with interest.

"She leaves," said Howard, as the officeboy appeared to conduct Keeneyes to the scene of the iron trunk.

CHAPTER X.

THE TWO TRAMPS.

law of-
elligent
ective
by
ch

"Y
hund
"Sti
"Not very."

"Been any here lately?"

"You are pretty late," the boy sa
easily.

"You're pretty fresh," remarked the detective, with a smile that robbed his words of any offense. "Am I the only stranger that has been here lately?"

"Outside of tramps, yes."

"Uh, then there have been tramps here?"

"I see a couple of tramps not long ago," the boy answered. "They come to our back door for something to eat. After that, I see 'em going about the houses, one after another."

"They must have been great eaters."

"I don't know," the boy answered. "They didn't do no eating when I see 'em, because they didn't get nothing."

"Were they strange tramps?"

"I reckon so. I ain't got no personal acquaintances among those gentlemen."

"I mean, had you ever seen them before?"

"Here in town, you mean?"

"Certainly that is what I mean."

"Well, you take a tramp," said the boy, reflectively, "and he is generally of a likeness to others of his profession. These two last ones ain't anything extraordinary as to beauty, and of course they couldn't be uglier than the general run."

"But, as a matter of fact," Keeneyes persisted, "wasn't there something about them that struck you as looking familiar?"

"Nope."

"Then you had never seen them before in Lumberburg?"

"Not as I know of. Now, this is Mr. Willis' house. This is where I leave you, sir. Just pound on the front door. I guess Mrs. Willis is at home, for you to ask her questions."

Richard Zellers, otherwise Keeneyes, gravely nodded, as if to say that he would not spare Mrs. Willis. He passed through the extensive front yard, and knocked at the door.

It was opened by a tall and angular woman of middle age, who asked him if he wanted to see Mrs. Willis, and told him at the same time that she had just stepped out.

"Then I'll step in," said the detective, "and wait for her. I presume you are Miss Monia, aren't you? Mr. Willis told me I should find you here."

"Yes, I am Miss Amonia," said the maid. "Then you can go in the parlor, and wait for Mrs. Willis."

"Thank you. But I should like to speak to you, if you please."

"My company comes to the back door," said Amonia, "and if you want to visit me, you can just go around the house and come in right."

"I might as well tell you," said Richard Zellers, "that I am the detective that Mr. Willis has employed to solve the mystery of the iron trunk. I suppose you know there is about that iron trunk a sort of mystery?"

"You may be the detective," returned Amonia, acrimoniously, "but I ain't hired here to be detected. I've got my work to do. You can stay in the parlor, and wait for Mrs. Willis, if you want to."

"I want to. But part of my business here, is to interrogate you, Miss Amonia. I do not feel that I can afford to hire you to answer polite questions, so if you prefer, I'll wait for Mrs. Willis to come, and request her to include your answering in your general household duties."

"I hardly think you'll persuade her to include that in my work," said Amonia, with an independent gleam in her eyes.

"Then I ought to tell you," said Keeneyes, "that if you refuse to answer my questions, it will place you under the suspicion of knowing more about the iron trunk than you care to disclose."

"Since I don't know anything about the trunk," returned Amonia, "I don't care a straw about suspicions. I don't mind answering what I know, but as I don't know a living thing about the mystery, I don't want to waste my time being asked. If I knew, I'd tell. I don't know, and I can't tell. And as I haven't anything on earth to tell, but have got dinner to get, I'll go and get it."

Amonia left Keeneyes in the parlor.

He stood for a moment with a deep frown. He was rather baffled by Amonia, and it irked him to be baffled. However, he presently composed himself; he did not have long to wait, before the mistress of the house returned.

CHAPTER XI.

WITH THE TRUNK.

When Mrs. Howard Willis appeared, she greeted the detective affably, and he was more than pleased to find in her a perfect lady. It seemed to remove her altogether from the field of his investigations.

Of course the more people he could eliminate from his scrutiny, the sooner he would get to the bottom of the mystery.

It was evident to him that Howard was oo simple and too matter-of-fact to ave concealed anything.

As we have said, Mrs. Willis was a erfect lady—therefore it was reasonbly certain that she was not mysterious.

But about Amonia, he felt different.

To be sure, Amonia herself, laid herelf open to suspicion.

She might be perfectly innocent, but he had refused to answer questions.

That might be because she was naturally of a morose, or contradictory nature.

But it might also be because she knew omething she did not want to tell.

On this point, the detective gained no ight from Mrs. Willis.

"I have never understood Moany," Mrs. Willis said, in a whisper, fearful less the maid be listening.

"You never heard anything against her, did you?"

"Nothing except that if you crossed her, she'd leave you."

"Has she always lived here in Lumberburg?"

"Yes. I've seen her about here, all my life."

"I really must question her," he declared.

"Then she'll leave us," groaned Mrs. Willis, "and it is almost impossible to get servants."

Keeneyes waved his hand as if to say, "Sorry, but that does not concern me."

Mrs. Willis had an idea.

"Mr. Zellers," she said, "are you going to stay with us during your investigation of the iron trunk?"

"Certainly. That will be necessary."

"You are perfectly welcome," said Mrs. Willis. "And Monay, although so curious and crabbed, is a splendid cook."

"That is a trait none too common," he remarked, interestedly.

"True; and if she leaves us, the meals will be abominable; for I suppose, since the world was made, nobody ever burnt more food, or had it rawer when it isn't burnt, than myself."

"Ah?"

"Yes; I never cooked till I married; mother would do it herself. Since I married, we have had Amonia almost constantly with us."

"I will not question Amonia until the day of my departure," said the detective with a smile. "And now may I examine the iron trunk?"

"Certainly. The room is ready for you."

Keeneyes followed her upstairs.

Mrs. Willis paused outside, with the door open.

The detective entered the bedroom. The first thing he saw was the huge iron trunk. Instead of going to it, he drew a chair with the back to the window, and sat down, about three yards from the trunk.

He looked at it intently. One might have imagined that he was watching to detect it, in case it moved.

If so, his vigil was unavailing.

The trunk, of course, was perfectly stationary. Nevertheless, the detective continued staring at it. After a while, Mrs. Willis said,

"If you do not need me further—"

"Thank you, no," said Keeneyes; "pray leave me alone with it."

Mrs. Willis departed, deeply impressed.

CHAPTER XII.

THE TWO SPOTS.

When Richard Zellers, otherwise "Keeneyes," was left alone with the iron trunk, he remained for some time motionless in his chair.

His eyes never wandered from the trunk.

After about half an hour, he arose.

He drew near the trunk.

He hesitated.

He opened it.

The lid was heavy, and he opened it with the greatest care.

Then he looked down into the depths of the great chest.

The trunk was empty, except for two old newspapers.

Keeneyes took them out, glanced at them a moment, then put them in his pocket.

Again he bent down, and this time he struck a match.

He held the lighted match inside the trunk.

He moved it along the sides, and along the bottom, as if examining every square inch of the surface of the interior.

Having done this, he blew out the match, shut the trunk, and straightened himself.

"Hum!" muttered the detective.

He gave his head a slight shake.

In fact, Keeneyes had at last found a mystery that was, even to him, a mystery.

Losing no more time in Howard Willis' bedroom, Keeneyes went out into the hall, and descended to the first floor.

Mrs. Willis appeared at the parlor door.

"Mrs. Willis," said Zellers, in his pleasantest manner, "would you have any objections to my examining the rooms downstairs?"

"Certainly not. Shall I go with you?"

"It isn't necessary," said Keeneyes.

He went into the diningroom.

It was deserted.

The table stood covered in the middle of the room; the chairs were ranged along the walls.

Keeneyes seated himself in one of the chairs, exactly as he had done upstairs. He preserved perfect silence.

From the kitchen he could hear the movements of Amonia as she prepared dinner.

Once she came into the room for something, saw him, gave a start, and went back into the kitchen, slamming the door violently after her.

After Keeneyes had remained in the chair a long time—as if sitting for his picture to some invisible photographer, he rose, and softly went from one window to another. There were four in the room, and he examined every one. There was also an outside door, which received his especial attention.

When this examination was concluded, he returned to his chair. He knew that Amonia would be obliged to come into the room pretty soon, for she would be obliged to spread the table for dinner.

In fact it was not long before she opened the door, and looked sourly in. She saw the motionless detective and slammed the door viciously.

He waited.

In about fifteen minutes she repeated her investigation.

This time Keeneyes rose gallantly. "I fear I intrude," he said.

Amonia glared at him without replying.

"Miss Amonia," said Keeneyes with a bow, "I will go away so you can do your work without hindrance, if you will explain that."

He pointed at the wall near the ceiling.

On the wall were two dull-red spots, not very large, not very distinct.

As the ceilings were unusually high, these two spots were about fifteen feet above the floor.

They were of no particular shape, and were about two feet apart, each the same distance from the floor.

Keeneyes pointed toward the spots on the wall.

"What is it?" inquired Amonia, looking upward.

"Dirt," said Keeneyes.

"Where?"

"Those two spots near the ceiling."

Keeneyes exhibited excellent patience and perserverence.

Amonia glared at the detective. "Are you finding fault with my housekeeping?" she demanded.

"Finding fault, Miss Amonia? How can you suggest such a thing. No, indeed. I am complimenting your housekeeping."

"I don't see the compliment."

"In that case, allow me to point it out. Your housekeeping is so excellent, that the appearance of two spots on the wall near the ceiling, instantly attract attention, whereas, if your housekeeping was not good, there might be a hundred smudges of dirt on the walls, and nobody would notice them."

"Oh," said Amonia, doubtfully.

"It is true," Keeneyes politely insisted.

Amonia hesitated.

Presently she said, "Just now, I must put the dinner on the table; but after dinner, I will tell you something about those two spots."

Nothing could have pleased the detective better. He bowed, and left the diningroom. Going out in the front yard, he sat down upon the grass under a silver-maple tree, took the newspapers from his pocket—the papers which he had found in the iron trunk—and read them.

When he had done so, he looked up, and, as if all his reading had been mechanical, and as if all his thoughts had remained in the house, he said, in a low voice: "Those two spots! Those two spots on the wall! How singular!"

CHAPTER XIII.

MYSTERY OF SPOTS.

As soon as dinner was ended, Keeneyes announced to Mr. Willis, "Amonia has agreed to answer one of my questions."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the young lawyer, in surprise.

"But it is true," Keeneyes assured him, "and if you will call her, I will interrogate her before we leave the table."

Amonia entered the room from the kitchen.

"Moany," said Mrs. Willis, "Mr. Zellers tells us you are willing for him to ask you a question."

"Well, that's so."

"He says that you will answer it."

"Well?" said Amonia.

"Well, Moany, I don't want you to feel that you are obliged to do so," said the mistress, who feared she might lose her cook.

"I don't feel obliged to do anything," said Amonia, who was of an independent nature. "But Mr. Zellers asked me in a kind and gentlemanly way, and I agreed to answer."

Howard and his wife looked at the detective in wondering admiration.

"Now," said Keenéyes, enjoying the homage of their regard, "I have only to ask about the two spots on the wall—" and he pointed upward, at the wall near the ceiling. All looked up, except Amonia. She knew what he meant, so felt no need to look.

"I see only two faint stains," said Mrs. Willis.

"As if," remarked Howard, "the roof had been leaking a little, which it never does, however; but if it did, the ceiling would show the stains, and not the wall."

"That is excellent judgment," observed Keeneyes, genially. "But maybe Miss Amonia can help us out."

"It looks to me," remarked Amonia, "like what Mr. Zellers told me it was, before dinner."

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Willis, looking at the detective in surprise. "Then you know something about it?"

"I know a great deal about it."

"How can that be, when you were never before in this house?"

"Because those spots are stains of earth—or rather, clay—and I know a great deal about dirt of all sorts."

"Clay? Up there, fifteen feet from the floor? Then how do you suppose it came there?"

"Ah! That is another matter, but I am sure of one thing."

"What is that?"

"It is that so excellent a housekeeper as Miss Amonia did not let those spots appear on the wall without an effort to keep them away."

Amonia nodded her head with both a gratified and a mystified air.

"That is so," she declared emphatically.

"As a matter of fact," said Keeneyes, "those spots have not been there very long."

"They were not there yesterday," replied Amonia.

"But similar spots have appeared there before?"

"Very similar."

"What does all this mean?" asked Mrs. Willis, startled.

"It means," Amonia explained, "that one day I come in here, and there was spots, or similar ones, up high on the wall. I don't know how they come there, but I tied a cloth to a pole, and cleaned 'em off, and they come off without any trouble. But not long after, more spots come just like the first. Well, I cleaned them off. Then more come. Then more. And at last every morning when I come in here, I expected to see spots. Sometimes I did, and sometimes I didn't, and didn't oftener than I did, and did more'n I wanted. It was lots of trouble, and besides it made me creepy. It is mysterious; as mysterious as that iron trunk."

"This is very unpleasant," declared Mrs. Willis, staring at the spots.

"Unpleasant?" Keeneyes repeated in astonishment. "Unpleasant? Why, I find it very interesting indeed."

"That's because it isn't your house, perhaps," observed Howard.

"Or your spots," added Mrs. Willis, drily.

"There is something in that, certainly," Keeneyes agreed, thinking that she should not like it if Henrietta—his wife—were so annoyed. "Only, of course, if such spots occurred in my house, I should soon get rid of them."

"I confess I am helpless against such strange appearances," murmured Howard.

"As for me," said Amonia, "I made up my mind that either I would leave this place, or saying nothing about the spots, because I didn't want to be bothered to death with questions. It makes me nervous, questions does. But this gentleman has acted so polite, that I have just up, and told all I know."

Amonia returned to the kitchen.

Howard rose, staring at the spots, and opening his watch to see if he must hurry back to the office.

TED HAMILTON

In the Springtime.

When picnic time is comin' roun',
An' yer gal is a peach in blue,
With a rose in her han'
Fer a nice young man,
An' the nice young man is—you!

Then it's "Come my honey,
With the rose in yer han',
You're the sweetes' rose
In the Springtime lan'!"

The trees, they bow on the way she goes—
They're noddin' "Howdy-do,"
An' I think I know
Why the birds sing so—
Fer the dream in the dress o' blue!

Oh, it's "Come my honey,
With yer rose in yer han',
You're the sweetes' rose
In the Springtime lan'!"

Mrs. Willis gave the spots a troubled look.

Keeneyes alone appeared cheerful.

He asked Howard, "Are you going to town?"

"Yes, to my office, at once."

"I will walk up town with you," said the detective.

They left the house.

"Mr. Willis," said the detective, as they passed through the yard gate, "I have made a very interesting discovery, and that is that you have a very mysterious ladder on the place."

Howard Willis stopped in amazement. "Who told you?" he demanded.

"Nobody," returned the other, smiling. "People don't have to tell me anything. In fact, when I ask questions, it is more for mere form than anything else."

Howard still looked at him, almost speechlessly. "But it is true," he admitted. "There is a ladder on my place that has given me no end of worry, it is so strange in its antics."

"Allow me to tell you about it," said the detective; "and if I am wrong, then correct me."

"You say no one has told you about it?"

"Not a soul."

"And have you examined the ladder?"

"I have not seen it at all."

"How did you know I have a ladder?"

"Mere inference, my dear sir, mere conclusion on my part."

"Well, you are the detective for me," said Howard admiringly.

"Thank you, sir; and for everybody else, judging by the calls I have for my services," said Keeneyes, who had no small opinion of his own powers.

CHAPTER XIV.

MYSTERY OF LADDER.

"There is a ladder on your place," Keeneyes told Howard Willis, "though as I say, no one has told me so, and I have not seen it. Of course it is a reasonable inference that you should have a ladder."

"Reasonable, certainly."

"Yes. And I only attempt to reach reasonable inferences. This ladder I have in mind, is a long ladder, such as you might conveniently use in cleaning out the eaves and gutters of the roof."

"That is reasonble, also, and quite true."

"Just so, Mr. Willis. And this ladder of say twenty feet, or eighteen feet in length, is kept by you in a safe and secure place."

"Yes, hanging on the outer wall of the woodhouse."

"Precisely. On the outer wall of the woodhouse. A place very convenient, yet at the same time practically safe from rainstorms. Very good. And yet, although you have provided this ladder with so snug a hanging, it is not always in its place."

"Nothing is always in its place," observed Howard.

"Ah, my dear sir," said Keeneyes, with a smile, "you are trying to test me, I perceive! As I say, sometimes this ladder leaves it lodge, goes visiting, as it were, spends perhaps half the night—for it only travels by night—then returns to its home before daybreak. Do you not know this to be the fact?"

"I have reason to believe that sometimes somebody gets that ladder, and uses it in the night-time," Howard admitted.

"Yes, it goes on journeys. It is not a stay-at-home ladder."

"But how could you possibly know this, Mr. Zellers, when you did not know anything about my having a ladder except, as you say, from reasonable inference?"

"Ah," said Keeneyes, "as to that, you might as well ask me how I know who takes that ladder away from its place against the wall of the woodhouse."

"Then you do know?"

"I believe I have a very accurate guess in my bonnet."

"Do you think," Howard whispered, "that it is our nextdoor neighbor?"

Keeneyes burst out laughing. "What an absurd idea!" he exclaimed.

"Well, then, who does get my ladder, if you please?"

"Nobody that you are acquainted with, I am sure."

"But," Howard objected, a little piqued, "I know everybody in Lumberburg."

"Ah, doubtless; that would not call for a college education, to judge by what I have seen of its extent," said Keeneyes, easily. "But, as it happens, the man who uses your ladder is not a citizen of Lumberburg, which is, of course, his loss."

"And you know who he is?"

"I think I do."

"You will explain, I hope?"

"I am not quite ready, just now, lest I wrongfully accuse a fellow-mortal. Let us remain in ignorance concerning the poor fellow."

"Why do you say 'poor fellow'?"

"Because he is doubtless a criminal, and all criminals are to be pitied."

"Are you willing to tell me what he does with the ladder?"

"Oh, to be sure. That is simple enough. He carries it into your house."

"He carries it into my house?—and in the dead of night?"

"Just so; for if it were daylight, he would be discovered."

"But we always lock our house up most carefully, at night."

"Even the doors?"

"What do you mean by that? Of course we lock the doors."

"Well," was the response, "I knew you didn't lock all the windows, and that is why I asked if you fasten the doors."

"You know we don't lock all the windows?" gasped the other.

"Certainly I know it; for there is a window in the diningroom that has no lock."

"Oh, of course," said Howard, uncomfortably, "there is always a window more or less about any house that isn't as securely bolted as a door. But I'm not afraid of that diningroom window being opened; we never keep anything in there of value; and if any one got in the diningroom, he couldn't get to any other part of the house except the kitchen, because we always lock the door leading into the front part of the house."

Keeneyes smiled with evident amusement.

"You doubt that?" Howard asked, in astonishment.

"'Doubt' is not the word," returned the detective. "I know that you are mistaken."

"You know it?"

"I know it, positively."

"But I know just as positively, that the diningroom and kitchen are isolated from the main part of the building."

Keeneyes waved his hand. "We waste time," he said, indifferently. "I will add, however, that your ladder, which goes a-visiting on certain dark nights, does not go off the place; on the contrary, it tries to get as close to you as possible; it acts just like a dumb animal, a pet—a dog, if you please. It comes around the house, it sneaks in through the diningroom window, and it seems even to want to crawl up to your bed."

"You are jesting, I suppose?"

"My dear Mr. Willis," Keeneyes remonstrated, "when I jest, nobody has to ask if there is a joke in the air. When I jest, people laugh. No, of course, I am not jesting."

"But you can't be in earnest in saying that my ladder comes into my own house at night?"

"Entirely in earnest."

"And that it comes through that diningroom window?"

"Altogether in earnest."

"But, Mr. Zellers!" cried Howard Willis, in desperation. "Why on earth should that ladder be brought into my diningroom?"

"Ah, just so! Exactly. That is the point of the whole matter, sir."

"Another point comes first," Howard interrupted. "Since you only came to Lumberburg today, how can you know anything about the nightly antics of that ladder?"

"My dear sir," cried Keeneyes, "is it possible that by this time you have not connected that ladder with the spots we saw on the diningroom wall?"

"On the diningroom wall?"

"Yes, yes, those two spots up near the ceiling; those two spots of yellowish clay. Do you not understand that it was the ladder leaning against the wall that made those marks upon the wall?"

"How could it have done so, when the ladder was outdoors?"

"But I tell you that the ladder came through the diningroom window, and reared upon its hind legs, so to speak, in order to rest its paws as near the ceiling as possible."

"But why should any one want to get near the ceiling, in the diningroom? There is nothing remarkable about that celing?"

"Oh, there isn't? But I consider something very remarkable about that ceiling."

"And what is that?"

"You understand," said Keeneyes, "that on the other side of that ceiling is your bedroom floor?"

"Certainly."

"And that upon your bedroom floor is the iron trunk?"

"Of course; but—"

"Yes," said the detective, "there is your law office, so I will have to bid you adieu. I have enjoyed this conversation very much, and it will certainly be profitable to you if you follow my conclusions."

Howard paused at the office door. "I understand you to infer," he said, "that there is some sort of connection between my ladder's disappearances, and the iron trunk."

"Exactly so, sir."

"Still, I do not understand why any one should want to get up to the ceiling of the diningroom, if they are intent upon reaching the iron trunk."

"Why not?"

"You don't suppose," exclaimed Howard, that there is any way of getting through the ceiling, do you?"

"Of course I do."

"You think there is a sort of trap-door?"

"Not a bit of doubt of it."

"And this trap-door—"

"Just so; and this trap-door is in a false bottom of that iron trunk."

"So that—?"

"So that by pressing some spring, a man could pull himself up from your ladder into the iron trunk and thus gain direct access to your bedroom."

Howard felt his blood run cold. "Impossible!" he stammered.

"Nevertheless, I am sure such is the case," returned the detective, "and I am going back to the house now, to make sure of it."

Howard, pale and agitated, hurried upstairs to his office.

Richard Zellers turned about and retraced his steps to the Willis homestead.

CHAPTER XV.

A TRAP-DOOR?

Richard Zellers, otherwise Keeneyes, the detective, went straight to the yard in which stood the house of Howard Willis.

A swift glance of his celebrated eyes showed him the situation of the woodhouse.

He went thither.

Yes, there was the ladder, swinging from hooks on the side of the wall.

EXQUISITE LACE AND EMBROIDERY TRIMMED LINGERIE DRESS

$3.95 SEND $1.00 DEPOSIT, give measure around bust and waist and length of skirt down front from waist band to bottom and we will send this elegant lace and embroidery trimmed lingerie dress, subject to examination at express office; pay balance, $2.95 and express charges to the agent after you examine the dress and find it perfectly satisfactory, a perfect fit and the equal of any similar dress, costing from $8.00 to $10.00, and as stylish, pretty and dainty a dress as there is in your neighborhood, regardless of price, otherwise you can return the dress at our expense and we will promptly refund the $1.00. We make this wonderful offer to widely advertise our great Ladies' Apparel Department and after we have sold 5,000 of the dresses this sale will close. Therefore, order early. THE WAIST is the lovely Dutch neck style, displaying an elaborate panel of fine Swiss embroidery carried, to left side, giving it the beautiful side trimming effect. On each side of panel is a group of tiny tucks and valenciennes insertion, carried to waist line. Neck is finished with dainty lace. Over shoulders appears a wide Gibson tuck to distribute fullness. Back is adorned with a panel of tucked lawn outlined with valenciennes insertion. The three-quarter sleeves are embellished with three inserts of valenciennes lace, finished at bottom with valenciennes insertion and lace edging to match. Joining waist to skirt are large inserts of baby Irish pattern lace and valenciennes insertion. THE SKIRT exhibits a panel of beautiful embroidery to match waist and is outlined with a dainty cluster of fine and wide tucks, extending to flounce depth. The charming feature of this exquisite dress is the wide full flounce, being of same pattern as waist and skirt trimming. It is finished above pattern with three tucks and is joined to skirt by a band of elegant valenciennes insertion. Comes in white only. Sizes 34 to 42 bust, 23 to 28 inches around waist, front length of skirt 38 to 42 in. No extra sizes.

Order the dress today or WRITE FOR OUR BIG, FREE, SPECIAL, FASHION BOOK which shows over 1,000 elegant pictures of beautiful ladies' garments at wonder prices: Wash dresses $1.10 up, silk and fabric dresses $6.95 up, tailor made suits $8.45 up, skirts 75c., petticoats 43c., waists 45c. and everything to clothe ladies, misses, children and infants, including immense assortments of dainty muslin underwear at startlingly low prices. Again we say, order the dress today or write for our special fashion catalog.

JOHN M. SMYTH CO. 150-207 West Madison Street CHICAGO

CYCLING—A RETURNING FASHION!

POPE BICYCLES

Columbia, Rambler, Cleveland, Tribune,

Contain many distinctive features of great merit not found in other makes.

The Pope Daily Service Bicycle

A new proposition. Send for full particulars about this magnificent wheel and our convenient method of selling it.

CAUTION! Thousands of very low grade wheels with fancy paint and deceptive names are being sold at high grade prices. If you see a name plate that you do not know BEWARE! Everyone knows Pope Quality. Pope wheels are safe to buy and ride. $25 to $100.

THE POPE MFG. CO., 474 Capitol Ave., Hartford, Conn.

ASTHMA

A New Cure.

50c Box Free.

Dr. Cunningham's Asthma Straws are entirely different from anything you have ever used for Asthma and Hay Fever. Novel, effective, pleasing and sure. The first trial brings relief. We guarantee to cure Asthma or no pay. Send 5c in stamps to cover expense of sending a 50-cent box free. Address

ANTI TOXINE CHEMICAL CO., U. S. Express Bldg., CHICAGO

Let Us Send You a Genuine Edison Phonograph On FREE TRIAL

right to your own home without a cent from you. No C. O. D. No obligations. Send it back at our expense if you don't want to keep it. $2.00 a month now pays for a genuine Edison Phonograph at Rock Bottom prices and without even interest on monthly payments.

Send today for our beautiful Free Edison Catalog. A postal will do, but send at once.

F. K. BABSON, Edison Phonograph Distr.,
Suite 4125 Edison Block, Chicago, Ill.

FREE Book

Fine BOOK FREE

Yes, absolutely Free. Tells all about Taxidermy and how we teach this fascinating and lucrative profession by mail.

LEARN BY MAIL TO STUFF BIRDS

and animals, tan hides, make rugs, etc. Decorate your home with beautiful specimens. Make big profits during your spare time. Write now for our great taxidermy book. It is FREE.

Northwestern School of Taxidermy
4144 Rex Building Omaha, Nebraska

3 BEAUTY POSES 25c

Decorate Your "Den"

with "Art Gems." Exquisite portrayals of female loveliness. Three bewitching poses 25c; 6 for 50c. One 6½x8½ photograph free with every order for six.

OUR DOLLAR SPECIAL: Two 6½x8½ photographs, 6 cabinet size and 32 small photos, all for $1.

Our pictures are all real photographs. No reproductions of paintings or other cheap trash. Money back if not pleased. Art Photo Co., 2105 B.W., Grand Rapids, Mich.

SIGNET RING like cut, for only 12 cents. Rolled Gold shell, warranted to wear. Raised scrolls on sides. For either sex. Any initial engraved Free. RINES CO., 48 W. B'way, N. Y.

The detective drew near, and examined it.

On the two ends of the lower part of the ladder, there was a stain of faint yellow, as if the ladder had been dragged across a bit of clayey earth, or as if it had stood upon a clay foundation.

The color of the ends of the ladder at the upper part, was the same.

The question then arose—why should both ends of the ladder have the same appearance?

There could be no doubt—at least in the mind of Keeneyes—that the two spots on the wall of the diningroom were made from the soiled ends of the ladder.

But where was the clay which stained the ends of the ladder?

The detective looked about him.

Grass grew up to the woodhouse. A lawn extended between the woodhouse and the residence. No clay was to be seen.

And yet, since Amonia had repeatedly removed the soiled stains from the wall of the diningroom, and since the ladder had repeatedly made them and since the ends of the ladder were not heavily stained, one conclusion was obvious; Every time the ladder traveled into the house, it must go by way of some ground where clay was exposed.

The detective went all around the house, and then into the horselot, and later, into the garden.

There was no exposed clay either in the yard, or the back lot.

No clay was to be seen in the garden.

Keeneyes examined the road in front of the yard, and the alley, down one side, no clay was in sight.

He looked at the yard next door, without finding what he sought.

The detective was puzzled, and he was annoyed at being puzzled.

He went into the house, and stared at the spots on the wall in the diningroom.

He believed he had accounted for them.

He believed that some one brought that ladder hither from night to night, in order to pass through a trap-door in the ceiling which was also a trap-door in the bottom of the iron trunk.

He stared at the celing, but no trap-door was discernible.

However, as neither wall nor ceiling was papered, but simply sealed, there might be a trap-door in several places. He was so sure that there was one leading into the iron trunk that, for the present, at least he did not think it worth his while to bring the ladder to prove his belief.

It was another consideration altogether that puzzled him.

Why did that ladder, in coming from the woodhouse to the mansion, make so great a detour as to always get clay-stains upon its ends—upon both ends, at that—when no clay was in sight?

In other words, where did the mysterious user of the ladder always take that ladder, before bringing it in, through the diningroom window?

That was a point Keeneyes must discover; and in order to discover it, he fancied it would be necessary for him to watch the ladder.

If a man came to get the ladder while Keeneyes was on watch, all might be made clear.

Keeneyes decided, then, to guard the ladder that night.

Having made up his mind to this proceedure, he decided to hunt for the trap-door, and, if possible, to get into the iron trunk without anybody knowing it.

This capital story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming year many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you if you send in a year's subscription. It only costs you $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

* * *

The Child and the Egg.

In one of the biggest of Cleveland's public schools some of the smaller children, children of the primary grade, bring their lunches when they come in the morning.

A large proportion of the pupils in the building are children of foreign parentage, quite a number are of foreign birth and many of them are from humble homes where the food is the simplest and the mouths are many.

Among these little lunch bearers the teacher in a certain room had her attention drawn to a girl whose noontime feast seemed invariably the same—a thick slice of black bread and a boiled egg. They were neatly wrapped in a clean square of paper, and while the other lunches might vary in material this modest spread included just the two articles mentioned.

There is pride in little hearts even over so small a matter as the simplest of simple luncheons, and while the child with only a sandwich envies the child with the cakes and the orange, this child with the black bread and the boiled egg seemed to be fully satisfied with her portion—for an egg, look you, can be both necessity and luxury.

And so during the noon hour the child would contentedly seek a dusky corner of the school basement and there, quite alone, dispose of the frugal meal.

But one day a dreadful thing happened.

As the child opened the package the egg slipped from her fingers and fell to the floor!

And lo! It wasn't a real egg at all, but just an imitation, an earthenware egg—a make-believe egg that is sometimes called a nest egg!

When it fell it struck the floor with a sharp crack that drew general attention. And the unhappy child burst into tears.

Here was an end to the little deception that had ministered to her childish pride and placed her on a level with her more fortunate schoolmates. Here was the humiliating wreck of the simple subterfuge that had helped conceal the grinding poverty of the child's home.

Small wonder then that the tears ran down her cheeks and that the proud little heart long refused to be comforted.

* * *

World's Seven Bibles.

The world has seven Bibles. They are the Koran, of the Mohammedans; the Eddas, of the Scandinavians; the Tripitaka, of the Buddhists; the Five Kings, of the Chinese; the Three Vedas, of the Hindoos; the Zendavesta of the Persians and the Scriptures of the Christians.

The Koran is not older than the seventh century of our era. It is a compound of quotations from the Old and New Testaments, the Talmud and the Gospel of St. Barnabas. The Eddas of the Scandinavians were published in the eleventh century, and are the most recent of these seven Bibles. The Buddhist's Tripitaka contain sublime morals and pure inspirations. Their author lived and died in the seventh century before Christ.

The sacred writings of the Chinese are called the Five Kings, "king" meaning web or cloth of the warp that keeps the threads in their places. They contain the choicest sayings of the best ages on the ethico-political duties of life. These sayings cannot be traced to a period higher than the eleventh century, B. C. The Three Vedas are the most ancient books of the Hindoos, and it is the opinion of great scholars that they are older than the eleventh century B. C.

The Zendavesta of the Persians is the grandest of all the sacred books next to the Bible. Zoroaster, whose sayings it contains, was born in the twelfth century B. C.

* * *

A Literary Tramp.

Rider Haggard, who wrote "She" and "Ayesha," was traveling across the United States as the guest of John Hays Hammond in Hammond's private car.

"What I want to see," said Haggard, "is the real tramp. I haven't seen one since I reached this country. I can't believe you have as many as has been stated to be the case."

Harris Hammond, the eldest son of John Hays, promised.

"I'll show you one at the next stop."

He had seen one riding on the trucks under the car, and, at the next station, he went down and called the hobo out. When the tramp entered the car he was covered with cinders and dust, and looked like something from the lower regions.

Hammond shook hands with him, and introduced him, saying:

"This is Mr. Rider Haggard."

"Rider Haggard!" exclaimed the hobo. "Why, I've read all of your books, and loved every one of them."

Then he sat down and discussed literature with Haggard for half an hour. At the end of the talk Harris took him back, let him get some of the dust and cinders off, and handed him a good cigar.

"That fellow's not a tramp," said Haggard. "He's a gentleman in distress."

* * *

Worse Punishment.

"Down in Jefferson County we used to have some pretty smart school teachers," says Judge Simpson S. Ford. "A schoolmate of mine was due for a 'hiding' one time and prepared for it by putting on three extra suits of underwear and two extra pairs of trousers before he started for school.

"Our teacher's eagle eye was quick to note George's astonishing increase in bulk. It was a raw day in February, and there was a roaring ash fire blazing in the big stove.

"When the time came for George to get his dues the teacher said, quietly, 'George, you will go over by the stove and stand up until I tell you to return to your seat.'

"George obeyed, and in about 10 minutes he was mighty sorry that he hadn't taken the whipping he had expected to get, instead of the roasting he was getting. George stood by that red-hot stove for two hours and was the most thoroughly 'cured' offender against school discipline I have ever known."

* * *

To Make a Man Sleep.

To cure insomnia, we are advised by an ancient authority, according to the London Chronicle, to "take ooze of the wort called white poppy, smear the man with it and soon thou sendest sleep on him." And to prevent seasickness the traveler had to smear himself with a mixture of pennyroyal and wormwood in oil and vinegar. According to the same authority, verbain or verbena if carried on the person would insure a man from being barked at by dogs.

Get the Happy Mood—

Post Toasties

with cream for a breakfast starter produce it.

And there's a lot in starting the day right.

You're bound to hand happiness to someone as you go along, and the more you give the more you get.

Buy a package of Post Toasties and increase the happiness of the family!

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited.
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Another Route.

Owing to a fog, a steamer stopped at the mouth of a river. An old lady inquired of the captain the cause of the delay.

"Can't see up the river," replied the officer.

"But, captain, I can see the stars overhead," she argued.

"Yes," said the captain gruffly, "but until the boilers burst we ain't a-goin' that way."

* * *

To Develop the Bust

To Beauty Editor: I am so ashamed of my thin bust that I want to ask you if there is any harmless way to develop it. My hips and the rest of my body are right for the present styles and I do not want them any larger, but my bust is so flat that I would try anything that gave hope of even three or four more inches development. MARY S.

The only thing I know of that will develop the bust without increasing the size of the hips, or without putting on flesh where not needed, is a prescription put up by The Dr. Kelly Co., especially for small and undeveloped breasts. It is the discovery of a woman physician whose practice was largely among her own sex and in most cases increases the bust measure four to six inches in a month. Send 10c to the Dr. Kelly Co., Dept. 92EA, Buffalo, N. Y., and they will send you a trial package of the treatment without charge. This is said to be of great value in cases of arrested development of the bust and will give a full, beautiful form without anyone knowing that the treatment was used.

Many mothers have told me that after the baby had been weaned, the breasts became flabby and shrunken, but the use of Dr. Kelly's prescription made them full and firm. Do not use pads or bust forms, as they never look natural and have a bad effect upon the general health. Neither would I recommend ordinary flesh builders or tonics, as they increase the hips and limbs and with the present styles the form should be slender everywhere except a generously developed bust.

* * *

Limitations of High Art.

Manager—I am greatly disappointed in your acting, sir. You have completely ruined my new play by your cold and wooden performance in the love scenes.

Leading Man (angrily)—Then why in thunder do you have a leading lady who eats onions?

* * *

TO WOMEN WHO DREAD MOTHERHOOD!

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Pain—Sent Free.

No woman need any longer dread the pains of child-birth, or remain childless. Dr. J. H. Dye has devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that all pain at child-birth may be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, 200 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without pain; also how to cure sterility. Do not delay but write today.

* * *

He Knew Human Nature.

Stranger—Here is a little poem which I submitted to a number of my nearest and dearest friends, and they all said it was worth printing.

Editor (who has friends himself)—I am delighted to get it, sir. A thing which a man's bosom friends fail to criticise must be about perfect.

TRANCE or DEATH
or A Doctor's Mystic Power

By ALVAH MILTON KERR.

Begun in No. 16, April 22. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER XI.

AT LAST the opaline glow made objects within the crypt dimly visible, and with bated breath I stepped into the hallowed place of death. It was an awesome place, and so silent it seemed I might hear my thoughts touch together in my brain. On the right and on the left, and at the inner end, were marble benches; upon the one at the left lay a long finely made cedar box. In this my mother's coffin was inclosed.

I stood still for a few moments, striving to collect my strength and resolution. I was in death's presence now, at the court of the King of all mystery. To look upon his face seemed almost beyond my strength. Yet it was mother! sweet mother! Why should I fear death in her? I hesitated no longer; I would look upon her darling face! I drew a tool from my pocket, and feverishly turned out the screws from the covering of the box, and lifting it laid it upon the marble bench by the opposite wall. There before me lay her last narrow little house, its silver name plate and handles touched with the growing light. Every pulsation of my heart jarred me from crown to toe, as carefully and tenderly I unscrewed the coffin lid. When the task was finished I slowly removed it.

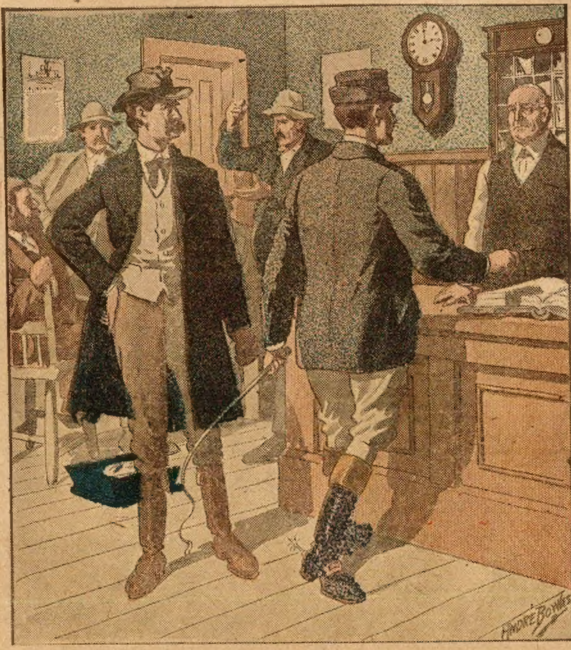
There she lay, dressed in white satin—her wedding gown, snown me years before. She was as one is soft repose, faintly more aged, a shade more sorrowful, yet even more pure and beautiful, if that were possible, than when I last beheld her. With the first glance I gave a cry of joy and fell upon my knees beside her. Dear mother! beautiful woman! upon whose bosom I had laid my head a thousand times! The dawn sent in its first low, rosy flare, and beat against the satin pillow upon which her dear head lay, against her sheeny dress, and the silvery lining of the coffin, and her face lighted as from an inner rapture that I had come. She had been my best friend, my playmate, my good angel! All my fear, all my sorrow, all remembrance of guilt fell away from me in those first supreme moments. I kissed her cheek, I warmed her waxen fingers against my lips, calling her many an endearing name. I smoothed the silky hair upon her brow, as I had unnumbered times, and looked into her face as only a child may look when the face is that of a parent, beloved beyond the common wont, and parted with for years.

After the first wild moment, when my ecstasy of hungry love had won and kissed its object, I drew back my head and gazed upon her more steadily. Was she dead? She seemed to me but sleeping! Yet did ever love willingly believe the object of its adoration utterly perished? She was as white wax, cold, pulseless, and, O God! how still and unresponsive! But about her there seemed no touch of decay, no noisome odor of waisting tissue; the scent of the lavender in which her dress had lain for years rose from the coffin fragrantly. Her face and form seemed less round than when I last beheld her, yet, surely the destroying hand of wasting disease had not been upon her. Still, my knowledge of the ways of dissolution told me that, though to the eye she lay as one in slumber, all that had once been immortal in her might have flown.

It was a frightful state of indecision into which I fell, a wringing agony of doubt, a condition beyond the help of tears. I held her hands close in mine for many moments, gazing hard into her face and striving with all my strength to feel if in her flesh there was any sense of life. I was helpless; there came into my soul no response! I placed my hand upon her head and let it lie there through what, in that hour of supreme apprehension, seemed as years. There surely seemed a faint heat in the coronal region of the brain.

I cannot here indicate in words the wild whirl of thought and emotion that shook me. I drew my hand forth and called her as a madman might. I implored her to hear me. I called upon God to help me. O if I only possessed the power to undo the spell which bound her! If I only had the key to this mystery, the strength of soul to melt the black winter which froze her!

I got to my feet. The blood roared in my ears, the dawn-lit cell swam round me. I had killed the only one who had power to bring my mother back to life! With a cry, a cry that I still hear in my dreams, I fell upon the stone floor beside her coffin, and from my bursting heart all pain, and from my reeling brain all light, died into darkness.



Sheriff Marker again and again looked me over.

CHAPTER XII.

When consciousness came back to me, as I lay upon the cold floor of the crypt, the first object that attracted my eye was a long rosy beam from the rising sun, falling against the inner western wall of the cell, and dappling it as with golden water.

I lay a moment dimly wondering at it, unable to comprehend my surroundings. Then suddenly the haze cleared from my brain, and I got to my feet with a shudder. Even then the fierce shock of guilt and hopelessness which smote me down, was not plain to me. But when I turned and saw my mother lying in her coffin there, the glow from the golden dapples on the wall falling upon her satin cerements and white, still face, the appalling nature of my position again became clear to me.

I went to the door and leaned against the marble jamb, weak and sick in every cell of my frame. Despair had struck its invisible night-shade roots to the last depth of my being. Now I had a double burden of crime to carry! Where now was relief for me? Where was help for the beloved one who lay here bound with bands more cold and strong than were ever forged of iron? I saw the fresh-risen sun, a shattered globe of arrowy fire, hanging in the treetops far to the east, and back of it and above it a mountain range of many burning hues. It was a splendid resurrection, an inimitable beacon of hope, yet what but sorrow could there be for me now in any day, however magnificent its coming?

Henceforth I was doubly cursed!

I remained but a few moments in that sunken mood, that dead lethargy which follows fast upon a blow which all but takes the life away, and leaves no strength or courage. I came soon to think connectedly again; reason, which had seemed but now in chaos, resumed its delicate operations. I returned to my mother's side and stood there, straining every nerve toward a condition of calm. That which I had counted as evidence might have been but fancy. What man so eager as I was for signs of life in one he loved could trust his sense of touch, of feeling? I took my watch from my pocket and laid it upon the marble slab until it was cold, then slipped it beneath her head at the base of the brain, and waited while a dozen snail-like minutes dragged themselves away. Then I softly drew it forth and laid it quickly against my cheek. It was cold as stone! The result sent a tremor through me. I then placed my hand upon the marble until the palm was chilled, and again pressed it gently against the crown of her dear head. Surely there was a hint of warmth remaining there! Yet, so faint, so very faint, it left me floating in a sea of doubt.

A dozen affirmations and denials clamored in my mind. I was not fit to judge! I was crazed with many hours of mental turmoil! How could life be present in her? she had lain three months in cold, breathless silence. Yet, there was the like phenomenon in the Yogi of India, authenticated and many times repeated! But, oh, how could such things be? I was mad! I was dreaming! Perhaps all that my father had written was but a hideous vagary, or a speculative sophism with which he played in leisure time! I would not profane the place of her last rest with mockery of reason, and the sacred seal of mystery which God had set upon her brow!

And yet I lingered, looking longingly into her beloved face. I could not wholly believe her dead. She was so beautiful, so like what she had been in the old days! Oh, if my father but lived! If his piercing eye could light upon her face again, and that strange power he swerved men with could center its thrilling force upon her soul, would not her dear eyes open and smile as they did of old? But he was dead! slain by my own hand! and where among the living might I find one who could prove to me that she still lived?

I must go forth into the world; if one lived who had power to break the wintry silence which lay upon her I must bring him! I hung over her for a little time moaning, too hurt with the parting to weep. I kissed her tenderly, put back the coffin lid, but could not bear to fasten it again above her. Laying the lid of the cedar box again in position, I came out, softly closed the door, and left her sleeping among her fragant satins.

When I passed in through the gate the curly-coated spaniel, which belonged to Marguerite, sprang down the walk to meet me. He threw himself at my feet, and besought my friendship with that infinite beseeching which a dog alone seems capable of expressing. The first morning when he came to me thus I had not heeded him; I was too distraught with terror of my deed; now that sorrow had begun to soften and humble me his dumb begging for love touched me. I put down my hand, and with the one motion of recognition he barked with joy and leaped about me. Simple and childish as the matter was I had so sore

No Corns

in 48 Hours After You Use Blue-jay

A Blue-jay plaster stops the pain instantly. It removes the corn in 48 hours.

It is applied in five seconds, and stays firmly in place. No pain, no soreness. You forget that it's on.

There is nothing else like it—nothing begins to compare with it. It outsells all others by fifty times over.

It is utterly needless to suffer from corns. The pain is ended instantly—the corn quickly removed—by a simple, harmless Blue-jay plaster. It now removes 5,000,000 corns a year.

Note the Picture

A is the harmless red B&B wax that removes the corn.
B is soft felt to protect the corn and keep the wax from spreading.
C is the toe band, narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive. It fastens the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

15c and 25c per Package

Sample mailed free.
Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters.
Sold by all Druggists.

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York
Makers of Surgical Dressings, Etc. (71)

"Bristol" Steel Fishing Rods

TRICKS AND KNACKS OF FISHING,

144 pp. Book Free.

Cloth bound, 40 chapters. Your local fishing tackle dealer will give you a copy free with each "Bristol" Rod purchased of him during 1911. It is a great book given free with the finest rod. Look for the name "Bristol" on the reel seat, always on the genuine. Write for FREE CATALOGUE. Give your dealer's name, so that we can supply him with books free, for you. Oliver Kemp, 18x27, 1911 Calendar, beautiful reproduction mailed for 15c. Just a few left.
The Horton Mfg. Co., 77 Horton St., Bristol, Ct.

Home Sweet Home

LOVELY PICTURE FREE

This beautiful enamelled black background, illustrating lovely flowers in all their natural colors, appropriate illuminated texts suitable for hanging in different rooms, size 12 x 16, sent free when 2 cent stamp is sent for postage.

A. PORTER
107 Clinton St., Chicago
Dept. 7

FREE 4 SOLID GOLD PLATED RINGS

Also this handsome LOCKET and regular length CHAIN. Locket holds two pictures and is set with sparkling similitude diamond, all free, for selling only twelve pieces of jewelry at 10 cents each. We trust you. Send today.

W. H. DALE MFG. COMPANY,
Providence, R. I.

WATCH, RING AND CHAIN FREE

Our American made, stem wind watch beautifully designed case, factory-tested, guaranteed for 5 years, and this latest style double heart signet ring are given to boys and girls for selling 20 packets of high grade art post cards at 10c a packet. Order 20 packets to-day. When sold send us $2.00 and we will positively send you at once the watch, ring and chain.
Palace Mfg. Co., Dept. 1 Chicago

CORNET FREE! We guarantee to teach you to play by mail and will give you a Beautiful Cornet or any Band Instrument absolutely FREE. You pay weekly as lessons are taken. Instrument is sent with first lesson. Write to-day for our booklet and wonderful tuition offer.
INTERNATIONAL CORNET SCHOOL
744 Musical Hall, Boston, Mass.

Asthma REMEDY sent to you on FREE TRIAL. If it cures, send $1.00, if not, don't. Give express office. National Chemical Company, 886 Ohio Ave., Sidney, Ohio

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Books free. Highest references. Best results.

TIZ--For Tender Feet

A new, scientific medical toilet tablet which

Draws Out All Inflammation and Soreness.

This remarkable foot bath remedy is **SUPERIOR TO POWDER, PLASTER OR SALVE** and is guaranteed to cure Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Frostbites, Chilblains, Ingrowing Nails, Tired, Aching, Swollen, Nervous, Sweaty, Bad Smelling Feet.

SMALLER SHOES CAN BE WORN by using TIZ, because it puts and keeps the feet in perfect condition.

TIZ is for sale at all druggists, 25 cents per box or direct if you wish from Walter Luther Dodge & Co., Chicago, Ill.

EXPRESS PREPAID
Ullman's Extra Quality Whiskey
American Supply Co. St. Louis, Mo.

Ullman's Good Old Pure Whiskey

For purity, age, taste and wholesomeness has no superior at any price. An absolutely straight whiskey of full strength and rich, ripe flavor. No blend or compound. Shipped at our personal risk of giving you satisfaction or money refunded.

8 Full Quarts Ullman's Reserve Stock $5

4 Full Quarts Ullman's Extra Quality $3

EXPRESS PREPAID

FREE With order: 1 Minature Bottle Athletic Club, 1 Minature Bottle Dixie Cheer, 1 Whiskey Glass, 1 Corkscrew.

After receiving, test in any way, and as much as you like. If not the best whiskey you ever tasted, return unused portion at our expense and we will promptly refund every cent of your money.

Address remittance and orders to

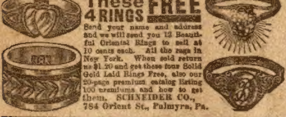
American Supply Co., Dep. A St. Louis, Mo.

PRICE $7.50 UP

Make $20 a Day

with our wonderful Champion Picture Machine. Takes, develops, finishes photo in half minute; 300 an hour. No dark room. *Experience unnecessary.* Photo Post Cards and Buttons all the rage! You coin money anywhere. Small investment; big profits. Be your own boss. Write for Free Book, Testimonials, etc.

AMERICAN MINUTE PHOTO CO.
Dept. 55 Chicago, Ill.



These 4 RINGS FREE

Send your name and address and we will send you 12 Beautiful Oriental Rings to sell at 10 cents each. All the rage in New York. When sold return us $1.20 and get these four Solid Gold Laid Rings Free, also our 20-page premium catalog listing 100 premiums and how to get them. SCHNEIDER CO., 784 Orient St., Palmyra, Pa.

30 Days Free Trial

and if we haven't an agent in your city, we will sell you at wholesale agents' price, one

AMERICAN Motorcycle or Bicycle

and prepay the freight. Write for our introducing offer and catalogue, and say whether you want motorcycle or bicycle. Do it now.

American Motor Cycle Co. 888 American Bldg., Chicago

PATENT YOUR IDEAS

$8,500 for one invention. Book, "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. Patents advertised for sale at our expense in fourteen Manufacturers' Journals.

Patent Obtained or Fee Returned

CHANDLEE & CHANDLEE, Patent Att'ys
Established 16 Years
976 F. Street, Washington, D. C.

FREE WATCH RING & CHAIN

We positively give to BOYS and GIRLS a BEAUTIFUL American-Made stem-wind, stem-set watch with handsomely designed case, proper size. GUARANTEED 5 YRS. Also dainty ring, set with three sparkling stones, for selling 20 jewelry articles at 10c each. Order jewelry today. When sold send $2 and we will send watch, ring and chain.

We Guarantee Satisfaction.

Dale Watch Co., Dept. 26 Chicago

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS EARN $25 to $100 A WEEK

We can positively show you by mail HOW TO INCREASE YOUR SALARY. Book mailed free. PAGE-DAVIS Dept. 12, Chicago, Ill.

a heart the tears rose to my eyes.

Among the flowers to right and left the bees were beginning to ply their commerce of sweets; two humming birds were in the air by some flowering vines that clambered over a trellis, their needle-like bills deep in the nectared cups, and their slender steel-blue bodies seeming to hum like turning spindles in a quivering film of lace. Back of the house I heard human voices, laughing as upon that first wild morning.

I climbed the gallery stair, entered my room, and threw myself into a chair. What should I do? Where should I go? First of all I must go to Garcia. I had promised Marguerite that. After that—oh, what after that? I was as one shipwrecked far from land, floating without a rudder and without a star. Sam came to the door.

"Mornin' Marse Francis. Would yo' come down an' eat now? Abbie's been watchin' wid de Mistis mos' ob de night, an' de Mistis done sont her to baid. Ize ready to bring de things from de ketchen fo' you'."

"Very well, Sam. I will come right down."

"Yes, Marse."

I bathed my face and went below. I felt no physical hunger, but ate as best I could, and drank some coffee, which somewhat refreshed me.

The colored man hovered by, proffering me everything upon the table, article by article. There were strawberries, oranges, young lettuce and crisp radishes; toast, young chicken grilled, poached eggs, delicious butter, coffee.

"Shall I bring yo' some ash-cake, Marse Francis? or would yo' like some griddle cakes an' honey? Yo' don' seem to keer fur nothin' dat-am on de table!"

"Thank you, Sam; but I am not at all hungry."

"Sho'! I neber in my bawn days seed a big man as yo' w'at eat so dribblin' little!"

"Sam."

"Yes, Marse."

"Where is old Joe, the man who used to serve about the place here, and his wife, Aunt Lucy?"

"Dey libs in Garcia, or nigh dar, I tink. 'Pears to me Unc' Peter say dey done gone down on a truck fa'm on Mangro' Crick not fur fo'm Garcia. Ole Joe wuz here visitin' round' de day w'at you' come, I tink. Leas'wise he been here 'bout dat time."

"Yes. Well, were you living here when my mother died?"

"No, Marse; I wuz Majah Billing's man in Punta Go'da den."

"Do you know what has become of Foreman Bill, who had charge of the work here for my father when I used to be at home?"

"He done gone to Mistah Mason on his plantation down by Punta Rassa. So Unc' Peter say."

"The man you call Uncle Peter is foreman now, is he not?"

"Yes, sah."

"Do you know, Sam, if my mother was long ill before she died?"

"Does yo' mean wuz she bad sick an' fo' a good spell?"

"Yes, Sam."

"I don' know fo' sho', but I tink not. I belieb she jus' kin' o' drap off suddent like. Dere's nobody roun' de place w'at wuz yere den 'cept a few trash niggahs w'at wuz nebber 'ceptible in de house."

"Thank you, Sam. Will you' please tell Uncle Peter that I wish he would saddle a horse and bring it around in front of the house. As soon as I have seen your mistress I wish to go to Garcia."

"Yes, Marse Francis."

When he had gone out I sat brooding over the information he had given me. It had a poisonous root to it, a root that sank itself into darkness, ended in mystery. Could I hope to ever follow it down to the bitter seed at its point? the purpose which gave it life?

After a time I rose and went up to the broad stair and down the passage to Marguerite's room. I tapped upon the door and her soft voice called me to enter. When I stood by her bedside I saw that she was much improved. She put out her hand and caught mine where it hung by my side, and held it a moment looking up gladly, gratefully to my face. The old sparkle, but fainter, was in her lustrous eyes, the winning frankness in her smile.

"I am much better," she said. "By tomorrow I hope to be about again. Do you think it would be bad for me if I ventured out upon the gallery by this evening? I so love to watch the sunset from there. I could lie in the hammock, you know."

"You can be guided by your own feelings, I think. Should you feel dizzy when you first rise, sit a little until it passes."

"How good you are! Are you like your mother was? You do not seem like your father. Oh, what am I saying? I am talking like a child!" She ended in a confused, laughing way. "You must pardon me, but I seem somehow to know you so very, very well," she went on, with a sudden earnest look. "Every one trusts you, don't they?"

"I cannot say; if it is so I at least do not feel worthy of it," I said gravely.

"Yet I am sure you are," she went on with childlike frankness; "I know I feel so toward you, and you know the instincts of children never lie!" Again she enued with a smile. Then, after a momentary pause: "How anxious you must be to see your father! Are you going to Garcia today, as you proposed?"

"Yes, I have asked Sam to have a horse made ready. I shall go at once," I said, as steadily as my sudden leaping heart would let me.

"Had not Peter best go, too, with a light wagon, and bring your luggage out?" she asked.

"I have a light bag there," I said, "which I may bring back with me. I may send Peter later for the others."

"You will return by sundown, will you not? I will watch for you from my hammock in the gallery. That shall be your reward for giving me such willing permission to go there."

She smiled again, and I went away, in my great unworthiness and despair, feeling, with a sweet, half-suffocationg sense, her beauty and trust binding me to her.

I found old Peter standing by the gate holding a young bay horse by the bridle bit. "He am jus' as gintle as a lamb, young Marse," said the old man. "He so't o' stick he years up an' roll he eye an' champer on de bit lak he gwine jus' scoot, but he take yo' dem fifteen mile to Garcia an' back as light an' ha'mless as a rabbit. Yo' daddy tink him a greet horse, shore!"

"All right, Uncle Peter."

I galloped down the road through a long avenue of pepper trees, mentally intent upon my troubles. As I crossed the bridge I thought with a cold thrill of that other horseman. Where was he now? Was he lying somewhere at the river's bottom, the sand and ooze closing implacably and eternally over his once marvelous face? or was he floating far out at sea, going, unknowing, unheeding to some far off alien shore? I put my hand over my eyes and shuddered.

And where was that other one, that stranger who came as for a moment so strangely into my life? Looking back to his advent through the ceaseless turmoil of the days just fallen away, he seemed as a phantom. I had lived years in four days. Scenes at the beginning of that period had a strange remoteness. The man who rode my father's horse away from the bridge that fatal night, seemed clear of face and outline to my memory, but in some way seemed distant and unreal.

All the way to Garcia I pondered my crime, and the baffling problems which were grouped about it. I hardly felt the steady lift and fall of the galloping horse, as he followed the long winding road down the river and away across the scarcely perceptible swells of pine land toward the town. My thought went endlessly on its helpless round, like something that would, but could not find escape. At last, near noon, I looked up and saw above the tree-tops, away below me, the blue glitter of the sea, and Garcia hovering upon its marge.

CHAPTER XIII.

When the proud bay colt carried me down the one street worth naming in Garcia, and drew up before the tavern, the little steamer, La Belle Creole, was wheezing and coughing its way to the plank wharf at the bottom of the small thoroughfare. As a part of its meager cargo I fancied it was bringing my luggage from Punta Gorda.

This large event in the diurnal history of the town was announced by a thin, snarling shriek from the boat's engine, and an obvious but mocking attempt at alacrity in the indolent habitues of the street to reach the wharf before the freight and passengers were finally debouched.

Down in open ground west of the tavern a half score or more of men, sallow, leathery, lazy, surrounded by soiled and scantily clad urchins, were pitching quoits. All these, accompanied by a number of nondescript dogs, trooped down toward the landing. I turned my horse and rode forward to the foot of the street, and, remaining mounted, watched for a little space the scene before me.

Among the other objects I saw my luggage thrown upon the wharf, and, riding forward in the midst of much obvious curiosity, I directed that it be carted to the tavern. In a few minutes more, sleep—or that which closely approached it—fell upon the town.

I ate dinner at the hostelry that day. The landlord, a swarthy fellow of French extraction, was ineffably suave and courteous when he had read my name upon the register, and learned that I was a son of Dr. Stanwood. My father, a lovely gentleman, O a beautiful, lovely gentleman! frequently dined in his house, he averred. My father had been present at dinner but three or four days before! Ah, he remembered quite as if it were the present moment how generously the lovely gentleman had spoken of the Tokay wine he had brought him! He trusted that my father was quite in health at this hour?

Replying that my father had not been at home since my return, he—the landlord—and a half dozen loungers in the office of the tavern, looked at me and at each other in clear surprise. Did I know that my father's horse was in the public stable across the street? the landlord asked with deference. I fancy that I, too, showed surprise as I assured him that I was not aware of it.

Yes, the landlord asserted, it was quite true. It had been a matter of some comment in the town since upon that

AGENTS! SALESMEN!

Stoneman received $1,200 for one month's work, $15,000 in three years selling—

A MODERN BATH EQUIPMENT with hot and cold running water facilities all for $6.50

M. Stoneman

R. V. Zimmerman

Proven by sworn statements—investigation—any proof you want. He writes: "Best thing ever sold. Not one complaint from 2000 customers." Zimmerman, Indiana Farmer, orders total $13,245 in 110 days, $30,000 in 9 months.

New Invention reduces cost of modern bathing facilities from $100 to $6.50, abolishes plumbing, water works, water systems. Installed instantly, without tools, pipes, by anyone. Turns any room into a bath room with hot or cold running water. Supplies any home with cleansing, friction, massage, shower baths. Makes bathing 5 minute operation. So energizes water, very little does wonders. Cleanses almost automatically. No more drudgery, annoyance, muss of lugging water, filling tubs, emptying, cleaning, putting away. G. Chase, N. Y., writes: "Gives advantage of bath room in any part of the house." J. Phar, Mont.: "Makes a modern house on the farm." Thousands tell same story of praise and satisfaction. Used by U. S. Govern't.

Allen's Wonderful Bath Apparatus costs but $6.50, yet does the work of this $150.00 Bath Room.

Agents, Salesmen, Managers could anything be easier, better to sell than a modern bath equipment for only $6.50! Think of millions who have no bathing conveniences, who would jump at the chance to modernize their homes for $6.50! No wonder agents without previous experience make small fortunes. C. A. Korstad, Minn. orders total **$2,212 IN 2 WEEKS.** O. Schleicher, Ohio, (Minister) sold 30 Outfits first 12 hours. (Profit $81.90). A. Wilson, Ky. sold 102 in 14 days. (Profit $278.40). J. Hart, Texas, 16 in 8 hours. Langdon, N. Dak., $115 worth first day. Reese, Pa. (carpenter) solicited 60 people—sold 55. Spare time gave Oviatt (Minister) Iowa, $800 in 11 days, $4,000 to date. Reader! These results possible for you at home or traveling. Make $8,000 this year. Don't hesitate—be first—get exclusive rights. Previous experience unnecessary. What a winner! A modern bath equipment with running water hot and cold, for $6.50, not $100. **CREDIT, LIBERAL TERMS** to active agents. Investigate by all means. Address postal today for full details.

ALLEN MFG. CO. 3357 Allen Bldg., TOLEDO, OHIO

MENS COMPLETE OUTFIT

FINE NAVY BLUE WOOL SERGE SUIT SWELL STRIPED WORSTED TROUSERS AND DANDY SAFETY RAZOR $4.95

SAFETY RAZOR FREE

Until they are gone we will sell 15,000 year around weight navy BLUE WOOL SERGE MEN'S SUITS at $4.95, and as a premium and adv. we will give FREE with each suit at $4.95 a pair of fine fancy stripe worsted trousers, and if you order within 30 days we will throw in as a special premium with the suit and extra trousers at $4.95 a highly nickeled, full size safety razor, guaranteed to shave as perfectly as any $5.00 safety razor regardless of name or make.

THE SUIT is Daly's finest grade navy blue wool serge a splendid fast color fabric of perfect weave and beautiful changeless finish. It is stylishly made up by expert tailors in latest single breasted sack style to fit perfect, is serge lined, elegantly finished; guaranteed better than exclusive clothiers' $8 to $10 suits or no sale. Sizes 32 to 42 in. around breast.

THE FREE TROUSERS which we give with the suit at $4.95 are made of beautiful dark, fancy striped worsted, are very stylish finely tailored and perfect fitting.

This is the most astonishing and wonderful clothing offer ever made. We openly challenge any firm to equal it.

SEND $1.00 deposit, mention No. X41, give chest measure over vest, waist measure over trousers, length of inseam and height and weight, and we will send the fine navy blue wool serge suit and extra pair of elegant fancy striped worsted trousers and fine safety razor by express subject to examination at the express office, you to pay the balance, $3.95 and express charges, after you examine the clothes and find them perfectly satisfactory, a perfect fit, the greatest clothing bargain you ever saw, and equal to any suit and extra trousers you ever saw at $10.00 to $12.00, and as stylish an outfit as there is in your neighborhood regardless of price; otherwise we will promptly refund your $1.00. Order the outfit today or send for our big cloth sample book (BE SURE and ASK FOR BOOK NO. 27) which contains 100 fine cloth samples of ready made suits at $3.98 up, trousers 98c up, slip on raincoats, $4.50, cravanettes, $5.00, and complete stocks of hot weather clothing, auto coats and dusters and all kind of men's and youths' clothing. Order the outfit or write for the sample book No. 27 today. Do it now. If you need

THE FREE SAFETY RAZOR We give with each suit and extra trouser outfit at $4.95 is full size, highly nickeled, complete with blade of finest razor steel perfectly ground, honed and stropped, guaranteed to shave as clean, cool and comfortable as any $5.00 safety razor or your money back immediately.

ANTISEPTIC
JOHN M. SMYTH CO. SAFETY RAZOR

MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS send for OUR FREE CATALOG OF MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS. Stiff hats 95c, soft hats 42c, underwear 19c, dress shirts 47c, silk 4-in-hands 19c, and every kind of apparel for men and boys at correspondingly low prices. Send for it TODAY.

JOHN M. SMYTH CO. 150-207 West Madison St., CHICAGO

ASTHMA SUFFERERS

Trial Treatment of Dr. Kinsman's Guaranteed Asthma Remedy mailed FREE. Instant relief. Thousands cured. Write to

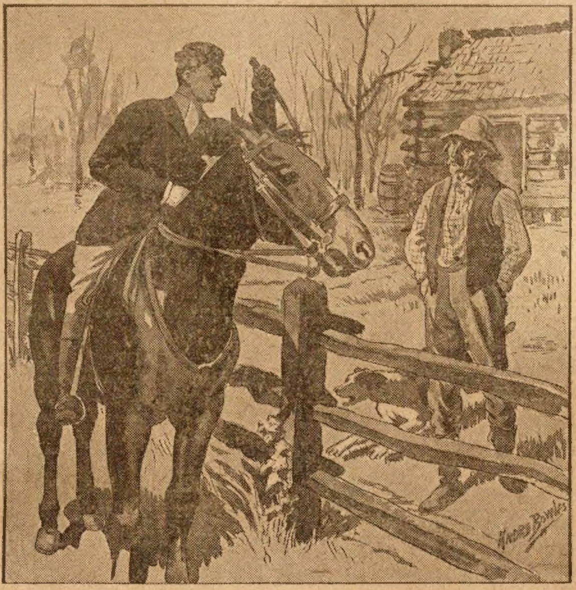
Dr. F. G. KINSMAN
24 Bank Building, Augusta, Maine

50c. AT ALL DRUGGISTS

5 Fine Postcards FREE

Send only 2-cent stamp and receive five very choicest Gold Embossed Cards FREE, to introduce postcard offer.

Capital Card Co., Dept. 62, Topeka, Kan.



“W'y, Mr. Stanwood, hit's yo' shore!”

day—was it not four days ago, Sheriff Marker? Yes. Thank you, Marker! Yes, since upon that day when my father honored him by drinking the Tokay and praising it, he had left the town, riding homeward, when the hour was some two or three in the afternoon, and the next morning his horse was found in its accustomed stall in the barn across the way. The boat had gone on its usual trip to Punta Gorda upon the morning of the day my father had been in Garcia, so he could not have gone with it, and now it had but just returned. The keeper of the public stable and been vastly puzzled to account for the presence of the horse, wondering when my father would call for it.

I leaned against the office counter and looked him, I think, squarely in the face. The presence of the horse in the stable puzzled me, I said, quite as much as he. I had been so long away I was no longer familiar with my father's habits. Mrs. Stanwood was in doubt if he had been detained in or about Garcia by a case of surgery or sickness, or had been unexpectedly called to some more distant point. I had come to Garcia expressly to make inquiries. Was it not probable that he was attending some one in the vicinity through a serious fit of illness, or had employed some one with a sail boat, or even some oarsman, to take him to Punta Gorda?

The landlord rubbed his hands together and looked around at the several faces in the room inquiringly. No one had heard of any illness of consequence; such cases as were known old Doctor Dubette, of the town, was attending. No oarsman or boat in the region—and surely they were all known—was absent. I stood waiting while they canvassed my suggestions. The man addresed as Sheriff Marker said little, but again and again looked me over scrutinizingly. He was a man of rather low stature, broad and deep in the chest region, with a strong dogged jaw, shrewd dark eyes, and a low but deep forehead.

I said it was very odd, but doubtless we would happen on something definite presently. I would go to the postoffice after dinner, and maybe would find something there which would make the matter clear. I should be sorry to return to Mrs. Stanwood without information.

Much of that which I said had in it a thread of truth; yet all of it was evasive and some of it odious falsehood. Yet, "all that a man hath will he give for his life." But, strange anomaly! though I had the blood of a human being upon my soul, I felt chagrined, humiliated that I was compelled to simple indirection of statement! Such is the effect of teaching and habit in forming the basis of man's feelings. I turned away, and, preceded by the obsequious landlord, entered the diningroom.

After the meal was finished I went to the little postoffice and inquired for letters. The postmistress, a diminutive, faded spinistress, thumbed over the two or three letters beginning with "S" and assured me, with a regretful smirk, that there was none marked "Standwood" there.

I returned to the tavern. Procuring a portion of my luggage and the use of a room, I changed my clothing throughout. Having filled a handbag with such articles as I might need, and requesting the landlord to care for the balance of my personal effects, I asked that my horse be brought to the door. When I had strapped the hand-bag at the rear of the saddle and was ready to mount, the landlord inquired if I wished my father's horse brought that I might lead it home. I replied that I thought it the wiser course to leave it in Garcia for the present. In point of fact I could not bear to bring the animal home to Marguerite with empty saddle.

The sheriff, with others, sat upon the porch, and chewed and spat, and watched me. Could any one furnish me with information as to where Uncle Joe Jackson lived? I queried. The man who was formerly with my father? Yes. I understood that he had been at Magnolia Place on or about the day my father came to Garcia; possibly the colored man could give me information.

Yes, the sheriff knew. Old Joe lived on a little patch of land over on Mangrove Creek, some seven miles distant. I should go to a certain point, and turn off upon a by-road which bore to the southwest, toward the Dead-lanes. After following this road two miles I would find another leading northwest, that one led to Mangrove Creek, following which I would soon come to Bruce Pearson's place. There they could show me the way easily!

I thanked him and rode away. The stranger had brought my father's horse, during the continuance of darkness that fatal night, and placed it in the stall it commonly occupied in Garcia! This was almost my first thought as I rode away. Clearly his object in returning the horse to the stable had as its end the leading of others into a belief that my father had gone away by some means on the water. But for what purpose had he so eagerly befriended me? Having come upon the bridge directly after my father, which was evident, and having heard and witnessed all that passed there, had the great provocation given me, and the partial justice of my course in defending my life, served wholly as an incentive to his exonerating words at that luckless moment, and his swift steps in defending me against the imminent consequence of my deed? The thing seemed beyond the pale of explanation.

After riding forward through the larger part of an hour, I found the road indicated by Sheriff Marker as the one leading toward the home of my father's former servant. I was curious to hear from the man's own lips the story of my mother's death.

As I progressed toward the Deadlanes, as directed, the forest became much denser than upon the higher pine lands, across which the main road ran to Garcia. The road at length became little more than a path, and the ardent sun was able to penetrate but infrequently the endless canopy of treetops.

I now began looking for the road which Marker said would let away to the northwest, but watch as sharply as I would I could find nothing of the kind. No doubt, I thought, if I had come down the seashore road from Garcia until I struck Mangrove Creek, and had then followed the stream inland, I should have come to old Joe's far more easily. Doubtless the people of this region—at least those living nearer the sea—found their way to the town by such a road. However, Sheriff Marker had not broached such a route, and, while I knew there was a shore road south of Garcia, I was by no means certain that a way led out of the wilderness into it. There seemed no better course than to follow the path I had chosen; it manifestly led to a human habitation somewhere.

With the expiration of a half hour or more I saw an opening before me. The bay colt, which had been restive and apparently little pleased with this journey into the gloomy tangle of the deep forest, pricked up its ears and neighed. I, too, felt a pleasant sense of relief. The clear ground upon which we had happened was not of great extent; less than three acres, I fancy; in its midst a cabin, and about that an abortive attempt at gardening. Much of the visible walls of the cabin were covered with the drying skins of animals and great flaring bird-wings, nailed against the log walls. The owner, Jude Cackler, sat in the door, meditatively whittling a stick. Near his feet lay two yellows dogs.

Upon hearing the sound of my horse's steps near the fence, both man and dogs looked up. The latter set up a great roar and leaped toward me, the former rose with much haste and came forward, kicking at the dogs and roaring well nigh as loud as they, save that the noise issuing from the man was high pitched like a cracked and snarling horn. A number of children, scantily clad, yellow haired and yellow skinned, tumbled out of the door with the beginning of the uproar, to be unceremoniously jerked back into the cabin by a woman of similar garb, hair, and skin, as uproar ceased. When quiet had been restored, the swamper reached his talon-like fist over the fence and shook my hand.

"W'y, Mr. Stanwood, hits yo' shore! Lite an' come in! Lite an' come in!" he cackled.

Thanking him, and stating the objective point at which I aimed, I inquired if he could set me on the right road.

"Shore! Shore!" he exclaimed. "I wuz up by ole Joe's patch yisterday. He sed how he had been to the Magnoliers the same day w'at yo' come home. 'Spose y'r anxyus to see th' ole man, es he wuz so long weth y'r daddy?"

Receiving an affirmative reply, the swamper climbed over the fence and preceded me quite a fourth of a mile back along the path I had traversed. Then he stopped.

"Now," he said, with great deliberation, "yo' see er trail strikin' off to th' lef' thare? Hits putty dim, but hits thare. Wal, yo' foller thet fer mighty nigh eighty rod north'ard, thare yo' strike a plain cow-path w'at bares off to th' right. Yo' foller thet nigh 'bout a quarter an' hit'll take yo' into the road w'at runs slam direc' to Bruce Pearson's on Mangro' Crick. Thare yo' best inquire es ole Joe lives a mile or better on tother side."

I thanked him and turned my horse to go.

"Oh, Mr. Stanwood!" he exclaimed, the matter having evidently just entered his mind, "I 'spose the Doc hes turned up by this time?"

"No, he has not returned yet," I said.

"Wal, hit beats ole Saiten, don't hit, whare 'bouts he's tuck his se'f to? I heern th' folks talkin' 'bout hit up to town yisterday. Sheriff Marker seemed struck inter a right smart of a heap over hit. 'Pears y'r dad's hoss is still in th' barn thare ever since yo' come home? I wuz chinnin' ole Joe 'bout hit es I wuz comin' back frum town. He seemed sort o' troubled 'bout hit. Sed he seed some sort o' disturbence on th' bridge jes' es he wuz startin' fer home, an' heerd a hoss a-travelin' off, thet night. I reckon th' ole man jes' seed his shadder an' wuz skeered! Ha! ha! Say, Mr. Stanwood, yo' don't happen to hev a plug o' terbacker in y'r close thet I c'd borror twel I go to town?"

Assuring him again that I had not, I left him standing in the path, unspeakable regret pictured upon his face, and rode into the forest.

A great dread and fear was growing in my heart. A cloud which filled me with awe, so great was its portent, was spreading over my sky.

As I rode forward through the somber woods that afternoon, after having parted from the loquacious Mr. Cackler, I was so disturbed by the information he had given me I found it difficult to concentrate my attention upon the path. This feat of the mind was essential in the most absolute sense, so faint was the foot trail through the forest. In fact, I found it necessary to dismount and proceed on foot, leading the restless colt and picking out the way with tiresome pains. At length, however, I found what I very willingly believed to be the "plain cow-path" leading to the road, which should ultimately bring me to Mangrove Creek.

However, after a long and vexatious exploration, the "plain cow-path" proved to have no such virtue; it ended in a multiplicity of dim ways and a wilderness of maiden cane and swamp.

I turned back. Evidently, upon entering the path, I had turned to the left when I should have turned to the right. But, after exploring the path for seemingly an hour, it eventuated, not in a road but in another path. After hesitating and debating the probabilities for a time, I chose that half of the

GUARANTEED MIXED PAINT $1.15 A GALLON

Direct from the Manufacturer

A Wonderful Paint Offer

If any of your buildings need painting, write at once for our free paint sample offer. We sell the best ready mixed paint in the world at lowest prices ever heard of—55c a gallon for the best Barn Paint, $1.15 a gallon for the finest House Paint in quantities. We pay the freight charges.

Guaranteed for Ten Years

We furnish full directions how to do any job, and just now we are making a surprisingly liberal offer. Write at once and get this great paint offer, free shade samples, strong testimonials and valuable paint information. Just say "Send me your latest paint offer." Address

CROSBY, FRANK & CO.
418 Peoria Street Chicago, Illinois

Never Before So Cheap!!

FINE STRAIGHT WHISKEY AGED IN WOOD AND BOND

You know as well as we do that Real Whiskey is Straight Whiskey! There's no getting 'round the fact. We don't attempt to offer you anything but Straight Whiskey, and that's the reason that we are going to add 10,000 new customers by the following Wonderful Bargain Offer. ("Straight Whiskey," mind you!)

2 Full Glass Jugs (Full 128 Ozs.) Old Simpson Reserve Straight Whiskey—thoroughly Aged in Wood and Bond $2.37

Send us $2.37 (Money Order, Registered Currency or Kansas City Exchange) and we will ship you by express 2 Full Glass Jugs (128 full ounces) of this Rare and Delicious Old Simpson Reserve Straight Whiskey, fully aged. Test it, then if you do not decide it is the finest whiskey you ever tasted, return the unused portion and we will hand back your money.

John Simpson Company
Dept. 57 Kansas City, Mo.

SELL YOURSELF

This Fine Suit and Save Half

We don't want to sell you anything at all. Only want to give you, FREE, our Portfolio Suit Book, just out, showing the 30 latest New York styles, together with 60 samples of fine new wool suitings. Pick out your style and pattern and we will guarantee to make you the most stylish, perfect fitting and durable suit you ever saw. We won't need to ask you to buy it. You will sell it to yourself!

How You Save 50%

Paragon tailor-made clothes, now worn by 200,000 up-to-date men, not only afford the utmost in style and quality but cost you only HALF the usual price. For we sell only to wearers. You pay no jobber's, no wholesaler's, no retailer's profits, no traveling men's salaries or expenses; nothing except just 11% over actual net factory cost. We positively guarantee you a fit, satisfaction and a saving of one-half.

We Prepay Express and handle all orders with speed and accuracy. Safe delivery guaranteed. Write Postal Now for full particulars about the most astounding bargain ever given on men's fine Tailor-made Clothes. Our prices are positively the lowest of all and we don't keep anybody's money until they have tried on the clothes and are satisfied. WRITE.

SPECIAL OFFER TO AGENTS—We need a few more good agents. If you are energetic and ambitious we will make you a flattering offer. Many of our representatives are making $10 to $15 a day. We allow them a special, confidential price on all clothes they buy.

(26)

PARAGON TAILORING CO., Dept. 7, CHICAGO, ILL.

Join a Brass Band

EVERYBODY INVITED

HERE is a great opportunity for everybody who wishes to get ahead—who wants to fully enjoy life and make good money in a pleasant way. Write today—let us tell you how to be a member of a band. Just your name and address and we will send postpaid, free, the greatest band catalog in the world and tell how you can get a Humanatone free for a little information. Write today.

Lyon & Healy 84-88 Adams Street Chicago, Ill.

STEM WIND & SET

WATCH RING & CHAIN FREE FOR SELLING POST CARDS

We positively give FREE a STEM WIND, STEM SET, BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED, Plated WATCH, equal in appearance to Solid Gold Watch, American made, guaranteed 5 years, and a beautiful Ring set with an Im. Diamond, for selling only 20 packages of beautiful high grade art post cards at 10c a package. Order 20 packages, and when sold, send us $2, and we will positively send you the Watch, Ring & Chain. WILLARD WATCH CO., Dept. 518 CHICAGO

20 BEAUTIFUL POSTCARDS 10c

Very Choicest Gold Embossed

Lovely assortment of Twenty Artistic Friendship, Good Luck, Roses and Flowers in exquisite colors, all for only 10 cts, if you answer this ad immediately. J. H. Seymour, 202 W. Eighth St., Topeka, Kan.

Chicago Ledger

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday
By W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.
500 Dearborn Avenue.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to The Chicago Ledger by mail $1.00 a year, 50 cents for six months, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to The Chicago Ledger. Subscription price in Canada $1.50 a year. We do not send receipts for money paid on subscriptions; the address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of the Ledger can be had by addressing this office. Always give the numbers desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address, and your order will receive prompt attention. Price 5 cents per copy.

BEWARE OF STRANGERS.

The Ledger employs no traveling agents to solicit subscriptions, and every person working in that capacity is a fraud. No person is authorized to take subscriptions for the Ledger unless he or she be well known in the city or village where they have been appointed agents to sell this paper every week. A liberal reward will be paid for evidence that will enable us to arrest and convict such persons as are now traveling from town to town in different sections of this country, claiming to be agents of the Ledger and thereby defrauding the people. Beware of strangers.

ADVERTISING RATES.

The advertising rate is $1.85 per Agate Line per issue. About eight words to a line, 14 lines to an inch. This price also includes insertion of the advertisement in THE SATURDAY BLADE. THE BLADE and LEDGER together have a circulation of

875,000 COPIES WEEKLY

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO
CHICAGO LEDGER, CHICAGO, ILL.

GENTLE JABS.

One way to stop earache is to sell the piano.

It's better to be long headed than headlong.

No man can be greater than his wife will permit.

Don't harp on one string until you talk with a twang.

It's useless to argue unless you know you are wrong.

The good may die young—and again they may outgrow it.

Necessity knows no law, but it knows a multitude of lawyers.

Fortunately for most of us, common sense isn't fashionable.

One never hears of a lawyer going to law on his own account.

A woman just has to love some one—even if it's only herself.

Some men are as easily rattled as others are hard to shake.

Probably there is nothing more industrious than an idle rumor.

Even the healthy dwarf realizes that he isn't long for this world.

Aiming to do right is not enough. You must score an occasional hit.

Have you more faith in a good luck charm than in your own ability?

Few people know when they have enough until they get too much.

Anyway, a grass widow doesn't have to see that her husband's grave is kept green.

Character is what you are; reputation is what you try to make people think you are.

The self-made woman is just as proud of her figure as if nature had a hand in it.

Love of admiration has caused many a woman to meander from the straight and narrow path.

And the longer a woman is married to a man the more respect she may have for an old bachelor.

A widow says that husbands remind her of pictures in patent medicine advertisements reversed; there is such a difference before and after taking.

Instead of wanting to go West and fight Indians, some boys prefer to stay at home and get chummy with those in front of the cigarette shops.

(Continued from page seven.)

trail which, to my now bemuddled sense of direction, seemed to lead toward the Garcia road.

The sun was going down; I determined that by the golden, pinkish haze in the sky, the luminary itself being hidden somewhere beyond the green and bronze-red forest on the other side of the cane opening. I realized this with a chill of consternation, for, though I had small fear but that I should ultimately reach the outside world, I was far from relishing the prospect of a long night spent in that animal and snake-infested wilderness.

I must act quickly, and without further mental parley, as one direction or one path seemed quite as likely as another to lead me from the forest. So I turned back, leading the now lagging and apparently discouraged horse. The light lingered for perhaps an hour longer, and I made an eager and determined effort to escape the wilderness of vines and trees, but they stretched by and on in blinding, baffling myriads.

At last the light waned; a deer fled before me and passed away like a shadow; a jungle cat wailed far off like a lost and crying child, and now and again an owl spread his wide wings and melted into the somber waste of treetops. I paused, conscious that my chance was lost. Paths seemed more frequent now, but I could no longer see them. I was deadly tired. My eyes had not been closed in sleep the previous night, and I had been racked with many and painful emotions. I felt drowsy, and sick of trouble and effort. Suddenly I saw a figure ahead of me, and, to my surprise and delight, recognized Uncle Joe. When I told him I had lost my way he laughed and said it was only necessary to follow the path and go straight ahead, which we did, and at length emerged into a road. After having received instructions from my guide to turn to the left, we moved along quite freely. The old man presently spoke.

"We're gwine up Mangro' Crick now, Marse Francis," he said. "In 'bout a mile we'll slam bang into Bruce Pearson's, den I libes 'about a mile fudder on."

"All right, Uncle Joe. By the way, how are you getting on since you left father's place?"

"Oh, poo'ly, poo'ly, Marse Francis. De lan' w'at I'm on ain' much 'count, 'pears lak. An', by de way, Washington Biler, Lucy's sister's boy, fell in de crick dat night as we wuz comin' home an' cotch de worsest col' dat I eber see! I don' know w'at de matter wid 'im, 'pears like he boun' to choke to death."

"I will examine his throat when we reach your house. Maybe I can do something for him. Uncle Joe, were you present when my mother died?"

"Yes, Marse, I wuz dare." The old man's voice ended in a quaver.

I stopped the horse, and, laying my hand upon his arm, looked up to his face. Crude, black, full of frailties as he was, he loved my mother's memory and my heart went out to him hungeringly.

"Tell me, did she die a natural death, Uncle Joe?" I said, chokingly.

"W'at yo' mean by dat, Marse Francis?" he asked, in a queer, scared tone.

"Did she die of sickness, Uncle Joe? Was she ill long?"

"No;" he said slowly, "she went right suddent lak. She 'pear to grow so't ob thin lak an' not eat much fo' while. But she nebber say she sick. She go roun' fo' long time lak she sleepin', wid her eyes wide open. Lucy an' me we mos' get 'feard ob 'er. One mawnin' Lucy she go in de Mistis' room an' she daid. But we los' all our fears ob 'er den she look so natchel lak; she look more natchel w'en she daid den she did w'en she walkin' roun' dem las' few weeks."

I could not speak for a little time, my heart was so wrung with the picture. "Was father present?" I said at last.

"Yes, Marse, he was done home durin' dat time. But 'peared lak he couldn' do nothing fo' de Mistis."

"Was any other physician called—any one beside my father?"

"No, Marse, she wuzn't sick 'nuff to hab a doctah. Doctah Dubette he come de day aftah she done gone, an' he 'sult wid Marse Stanwood, an' dey say she daid."

"How did father bear his loss, Uncle Joe?"

The old man hesitated a moment. "Well, he go roun' putty tolable white durin' dem days, but I nebber see him cry or tak on any. 'Pears lak he in a brown study mos' ob de time."

"Did he give any reason for sending you and the others away from the place?"

"Well, he say he t'ink he's gwine shet up de house an' go way fo' long time, an' he not need us any mo'. An' sho 'nuff he did close de place an' go way, but tereckly he come back an' fotch wuckmen frum New O'leans, or somewha' an' my king! but how dey tare dat ole house up an' mak it new agin! Dey jus' fairly mak it shine. Den Marse Stanwood he go off an' aftah a month or more he come back wid de young Mistis an' put new han's to wuck all roun' an' sta't all ober 'gin. It hu't me an' Lucy putty bad to be sont off lak dat, an' hab dem trash young niggahs takin' de places wha' we been so long. 'Pears lak Ize been so't ob 'scouraged eber since, an' Lucy she dat cross an' pestern-lak I kin scurcely libe wid 'er."

I said nothing; the whole proceeding was so extraordinary, and contained such abundance of food for painful reflection, that I forgot old Joe as we moved onward. At last, however, I heard him saying: "Dat's Bruce Pearson's house ober dar. I 'spects dey done gone to baid some time ergo. Yo' turn roun' de conah yere, Marse Francis, an' foller de little lane w'at runs pass' de o'chards, dat'ell bring yo' to de cabin putty soon."

I went forward like one in a dream, the bridle rein in my hand. The ground was open now, and the high moon shone down upon the scene, touching each exposed spathe and leaf, each dew-bent grass blade, and each grain of crystal in the sandy road, with the silvering point of its wizard pencil. I only felt this. I walked along the light buff streak which was the road with but little consciousness of time or place. Thought in me was turning and turning about my mother's death, and that dark event which followed it, with the helplessness of something fascinated by horror.

When we came to the cabin of the old couple, a guttering candle was sitting upon the door sill, and Aunt Lucy was sitting by it with the sick colored lad's head upon her spacious lap.

"Oh, my Gord, Washington Biler's dyin'!" she moaned, rocking herself back and forth. "Oh, he's done gone sho'! He cayn't git no breff no longah! Oh, Lo'd! Oh, Lo'd!"

When we stood before her she looked up at me in amazement a moment; then, laying the boy's head on the threshold, she rushed into my arms.

"Oh, Marse Francis, is dis sho'ly yo'?" she sobbed. "De bressed Lo'd mus' ob sont yo', fo' Joseph he say yo' a doctah now, an' Washington Biler he mos' done gone!"

The black wife only replied with a grunt of derision and disgust, and turned toward the sick lad. Already I was bending over him noting his frightful efforts at respiration. The colored woman's wail that he was dying, extravagant as it sounded, was true. The boy's features were wildly distorted, his pulse thin and galloping, the air each time he respired being drawn to his lungs with an effort the violence of which seemingly would rend him in twain. He was beyond speech and unconscious.

I held the candle over his face and looked into his throat. There, lining the larynx, I saw the dark false membrane of diphtheria, life's strangler, the surgeon's despair. In an instant I knew there was but one hope, tracheotomy, the slitting of the windpipe below the point of obstruction, and the insertion of a tube through which air might be got into the fast filling lungs.

I took the case of lancets and phials from my pocket. Again that awful temptation swept upon me. This lad had been with old Joe, and doubtless had witnessed the struggle upon the bridge! Should I let him die? If I saved his life would he not turn and sting me like an adder? Ere long perhaps he would hold my existence in his hands, now I held his life in mine! What should I do with it?

The continuation of this most romantic story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. It leads to very strange and fascinating situations. Read it. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year.

* * *

Crushed to Earth.

Years ago Irvin S. Cobb, the humorous writer, was a correspondent for various out-of-town papers while working in Paducah, Ky. Not a great deal of genuine news for out-of-town consumption is manufactured at Paducah. As Mr. Cobb needed the money, there was period during which it appeared that Paducah had become the news center of the Middle West. Not a day passed that some astounding story was not printed under a Paducah date. "We stood for them," said the former telegraph editor of a St. Louis paper, "because they were so good, even though we knew they were fakes. But one day the boss called me in. 'Who is this man Cobb at Paducah?' he asked.

"When I had satisfied his thirst for knowledge he told me to fire Cobb. 'I know all the stories he has written are fakes,' he said, 'but I can't stand for that one he sent us yesterday. I like some sanity even in a fake story. It must sound as though it might, possibly, under certain conditions, be partly true.'

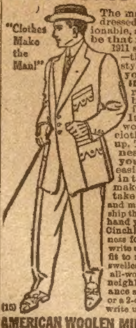
"So," said the ex-telegraph editor, "I fired Cobb. He made no protest about getting fired in a letter he wrote me. 'It served me right for getting out of my line,' said he. 'That was the only story I ever sent you that was wholly true.'"

* * *

Equity.

"After all, things are pretty evenly apportioned in this world."

"Eh-yah! A strong minded woman generally has a weak minded husband."



Wear This Stylish Suit!

"Clothes Make the Man!"

The man who is admired is the well-dressed man whose clothes are fashionable, and are 1911 styles. You will be that man in your neighborhood! 1911 styles are just in. Get this suit—the swellest, classiest, snappiest style we ever created—and better your appearance! THIS IS OUR IDEA: We want one man as our representative in your neighborhood. You've got a lot of friends. They wear clothes. It is the easiest thing in the world to get them to order their clothes from you. Prices, $7.50 and up. Those orders mean a big business that more than doubles your salary, and the work is the easiest, cleanest, nicest occupation in the world. New representatives make $5 to $10 a day. You simply take the order and measurements and mail them to us. We make the clothes, ship them on approval to your friend and hand you the profit money. A Regular Cinch! That's the beauty of being in business for yourself. Sit right down now; write us a postal or a letter for the free outfit to representatives. And you get the swellest suit of fashionable, tailor-made, all-wool, 1911 clothes ever worn in your neighborhood. If your personal appearance and a big business is worth a postal or a 2-cent stamp to you, then act now—write us today. Address

(15) AMERICAN WOOLEN MILLS CO., Dept. 465 Chicago

EXPRESS PREPAID

12 Full Bottles ELK SIDE $4.50

Straight Kentucky WHISKEY 100-Proof EXPRESS PREPAID

Send us $4.50 and we will send, express prepaid, 12 Full 16-oz. Bottles of our pure, mellow, 100-Proof, Straight ELK SIDE KENTUCKY WHISKEY. Absolutely pure, guaranteed by us under the National Pure Food Law and pronounced the finest, most wholesome and most delicous whiskey ever distilled. Remember this is not a blend, compound or imitation, but a guaranteed pure, straight, 100-Proof Whiskey.

When you receive the whiskey, drink one full bottle or put it to any test you desire and if you do not say that it is the finest whiskey you ever tasted, regardless of price, return the other eleven bottles and we will promptly refund your money without a question.

Shipment made same day order is received. Make remittance to

IMPERIAL DIST. CO.
547-O Deleware St.,
Kansas City, Mo.

NYKOPERIA

Safe, Speedy and Sure CURE and PREVENTIVE FOR MALARIA

Used as a preventive and cure with unfailing success for over 25 years. Guaranteed to prevent Malaria from developing if taken in time, as well as cure when developed. If your druggist cannot supply NYKOPERIA will mail it to you upon receipt of price, 50c.

Trial size, enough to prove its merits, 10 cents.

AGENTS WANTED IN MALARIAL SECTIONS.

NYKOPERIA MANUFACTURING CO.
144 UNION AVE., JAMAICA, N. Y.

"An Ounce of Prevention is Worth Pounds of Cure."

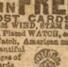
TRADE MARK

GOITRE

Have your Goitre removed without taking medicine or having it cut out. We have a convenient, soothing appliance which is worn on the neck at night and cures while you sleep. It checks the growth, reduces the enlargement, and stops all pain and distress in a short time. 18 years success. Write today for free booklet and full particulars, including testimonials from every State, price, etc. Address the Physicians Remedy Co. 140 Sinton Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

Tobacco Habit Banished

DR. ELDERS' TOBACCO BOON BANISHES all forms of Tobacco Habit in 72 to 120 hours. A positive, quick and permanent relief. Easy to take. No craving for Tobacco after the first dose. One to three boxes for all ordinary cases. We guarantee results in every case or refund money. Send for our free booklet giving full information. Elders' Sanatarium, Dept. B St. Joseph, Mo.

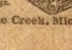


STEM WIND & SET WATCH RING & CHAIN FREE FOR SELLING POST CARDS

We positively give FREE a STEM WIND, STEM SET, BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED, Plated WATCH, equal in appearance to Solid Gold Watch, American made, guaranteed 5 years, and a beautiful Ring, for selling only 20 packages of beautiful high grade art post cards at 10c a package. Order 20 packages, and when sold, send us $2, and we will positively send you the Watch, Ring and Chain. WELLS MFG. CO., DEPT. 508 CHICAGO.

FITS

I have cured patients who had Epilepsy, Fits, Spasms, or Falling Sickness since childhood. Stacks of testimonials on file. Write for Free Trial Treatment and testimonials from cured patients. I pay the express. Give age and full particulars Dr. Roof 1126 Downing Bldg. New York



SNAP LOCK BRACELET & RING FREE

Beautiful Gold Plated Bracelet set with sparkling gems, and handsome Signet Ring, both Free for selling 20 pkgs. Art Post Cards at 10c. a pkg. We trust you. Write today for 20 pkgs.

Regal Mfg. Co., Dept. B 145, Battle Creek, Mich.

CONQUEST OF THE MOON;

Or, The Airship's Cargo of Diamonds

By GEORGE T. HARGREAVES

[Copyright 1911 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 13, April 1. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XXVII.

VENGEANCE OF THE MOON-FOLK.

"DON'T be alarmed," exclaimed the astronomer as Lester, with his sweetheart folded tenderly but unconscious in his arms, turned up a look of dismay, "it's this air and this terrible heat. It would probably kill us all in time. She, being the least hardy, succumbed first. But she'll recover when we get her back to the ship."

The aviator picked up his fiancee as though she were a babe and started across the Sahara-like waste. His men trooped after him, apparently relieved to get away from the spectacle of the plant-men that had been confronting them.

Professor Jekyll remained behind in rapt contemplation of the slender green figures. In cooing language he tried to bring some trace of intelligence to the blank faces. Except for the sinister glare in the little eyes, however, there was no show of feeling.

Once he imagined he discerned a recognition of some of his words in the peculiar flapping motion which one of the foremost of the throng applied to its arms. But repetitions of his query brought no repetition of the motion. Disappointedly he was forced to retrace his steps to the Virginia.

There he found confusion and excitement.

Lester, returning with his beloved burden, was met by one of the two men he had left to guard the prisoners Jeroc and Tabor and to care for the airship.

"I'm sorry, sir," whined the guard, "but Jeroc has got away."

Babcock, annoyed, made no response until he had deposited Virginia on a couch, bathed her face, applied smelling salts to her nostrils and ordered the air-making apparatus turned on.

When the girl's flickering eyelids and twitching fingers told of returning consciousness, he knelt beside her and lifted one of her dainty hands to his lips. At that she stirred and slowly opened her eyes.

A look of perfect content suffused her face as her eyes beheld her lover bending over her. Then a shudder of horror went through her frame.

"Oh," she murmured, "I've just had such a terrible dream."

Lester tried to calm and reassure her.

"But it was terrible," she whispered, pressing his hand as if in alarm. "I saw Jeroc again in control of the Virginia and he was dropping us one by one out of a window into the bottomless sky."

Lester laughed reassuringly.

"Nothing to that," he soothed. "Dreams go by contraries, you know. It will probably be we who'll be dropping him out."

Virginia recovered. Lester turned his attention to the escape of the Frenchman.

"How did it happen?" he demanded of the guard.

"Oh, sir, he was cute," explained the guard. "He complained of being sick. I paid no attention to him but he kept up his howling. 'I'm dying, I'm dying,' he kept yelling. So I was scared somethin' might be the trouble with him. So I went to his room. He was doubled up like a feller with the cramps and squealing like a stuck pig. 'I'm dying, I'm dying,' he kept crying. 'What kin I do?' I says. 'Let me die,' he says. 'No, I won't,' I says. 'A corpse 'd bring us bad luck,' I says. 'It won't be long before I'm one,' he says. 'Not if I can help it,' says I. So I goes in and turns him over once or twice. 'Oh, ze poor hand,' he says. So I unties the bonds round his wrists. Then he howls more'n ever. 'Whisky, brandy, queek,' he cries. I go to get him some. When I come back in a minute he had the bond at his ankles undone and was scooting through the cabin. I drive him away from the steering wheel. I drive him away from the motors. He drags the brandy bottle out of my hands and darts out of the ship. The last I see of him he was chasing away like a fury, stopping now and then to take a drink from the bottle."

Lester and Professor Jekyll looked blankly at each other. Both seemed intuitively to call up the horrors an escaped human from the earth would endure cast away on the desert moon.

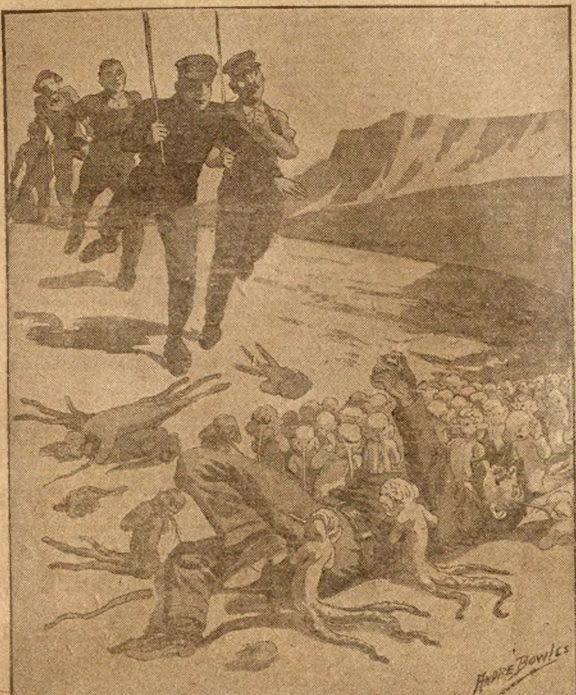
Then the aviator turned quickly to the guard and asked:

"Did he do any other damage?"

"He turned the water in the casks running, but I think I turned it off before much got away," hesitated the guard.

Lester bolted down to the storeroom. He glanced rapidly at the gauges in the great casks. The water stood very low. He went back both angry and alarmed.

"A pretty fix, we're in," he said to the professor, drawing him aside. "We haven't more than enough water to last us another week."



On the ground could be seen the Frenchman writhing in torture.

The astronomer looked up blankly.

"That's a terrible blow," he said tensely. "From appearances there hasn't been a bucket of water on the moon in many a year."

"We can't go back to earth without a replenished supply," blurted Lester. "We'd die of thirst."

"And I must have it to help make our air supply with also."

Lester had never seen the professor, usually so placid, as disturbed as he was now. The professor had never seen Lester, usually the acme of resource and self-possession, so apprehensive as he was at this crisis.

"We'll have to start a hunt for some," the aviator suggested.

"But where?" responded the scientist.

Lester hurried to a window and scanned the horizon minutely to try to discover some sign of vegetation that might herald the presence of water. But east, west, north and south stretched only a sickening, barren waste without tree or shrub. The only relief to the desert-like prospect was the spot half a mile away where the horde of plant-men still huddled.

He was closing the window when there came to his ears faintly the tones of a human voice. He poked his head out again and listened intently.

He could hear the sound more distinctly now. It was a cry of distress—a blood-curdling roar of agony.

"Jeroc," he thought quickly. "That villain's in trouble."

He drew the professor to his side at the window.

"Listen carefully," he said, "and tell me what you hear."

The scientist inclined his ear toward the throng of plant-folk. His pallid face went even whiter than its wont.

"Some one is being maltreated," he gasped. "Some one with a voice from earth."

"You're right," answered Lester. "It's that dastardly mechanician."

"Jeroc?"

"The same. We must go to his rescue."

"It would serve him right to leave him to his fate."

"He deserves it," blurted Lester. "But he's one of us after all. We cannot leave him to the mercy of those queer creatures."

So, grabbing up an automatic revolver, he had kept under lock in his room and ordering half a dozen of his men to arm themselves with some of the steel rods the Virginia carried in the supplyroom, he led them forth again across the desolate plain.

As they approached, the sound of Jeroc's voice became more and more terrifying. It was one long-drawn out series of soul-distracting howls.

An exhausting run of five minutes brought the rescuing party to the edge of a great group of the moon-folk careening like a field of green grain in a heavy

DRY GOODS AND NOTION CATALOG FREE
HAIR SWITCHES 48¢ UP
CORSETS 48¢ UP
SHIRTING 6¾¢ YD
SILK HOSE 48¢
HOSIERY
COTTON HOSE 10¢
GINGHAM
MUSLIN 4⅝¢ YD.
20 YDS 99¢
DENIM 12¢ YD
PERCALE
LINENE 11½¢
CALICO 5¢ YD.
WASHABLE SILK 27¢
MERCERIZED PONGEE 14¢ YD.
MERCERIZED POPLIN 14¢
WASHABLE VOILE 11¾¢ YD
SUIT CASE 95¢

Our Prices for Dry Goods and Notions of all kinds are ¼ to ½ less than what you would have to pay your home dealer for the same goods. If you pay him $5.00 for a bill of dry goods or notions you could buy them of us for $3.75 or less. Don't take our word for it but find out. Just write us a postal or letter today saying "send me your free special dry goods and notion catalog" and when you receive it make out a list of goods you need, go to your local store, get their prices and compare with our prices. If you can't save a lot of money by sending to us buy at home for we don't want to sell you goods unless we can save you money. Write to-day for this great special Catalog and see our marvelous offers, wonderful assortments and startling prices.

JOHN M. SMYTH CO. 150-207 W. Madison St. CHICAGO

Learn to be An Auto Expert

Spend six weeks at this great school and become an Automobile Expert. Come now while

SUMMER RATES

just one-half our regular tuition are in effect.

NO BOOKS USED—NO TOOLS TO BUY

We teach by actual work on real Automobiles and individual instruction. We qualify you for Garage Owner, Auto Expert, Salesman, Chauffer or Repair Man. (152 students Feb'y class) Write today for FREE CATALOGUE and Special Summer Rates.

Automobile Training School.

☞ Largest and Best Equipped School in U. S.

1188 Locust Street KANSAS CITY, MO.

Z-M-O

A Pain-Relieving HEALING OIL

For Rheumatism, Backache and Piles

25 and 50 cents

At drug stores, or 10-cent sample size by mail.

H. R. ZAEGEL & CO., Chemists, Sheboygan, Wis.

WANTED MEN

Prepare as FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, ELECTRIC MOTORMEN, COLORED TRAIN PORTERS. Hundreds put to work; $65 to $150 a month. No experience necessary. 500 MORE WANTED. Enclose stamp for Application Blank and book. State position wanted. Address

I. RAILWAY C. I., Dept. A., Indianapolis, Indiana

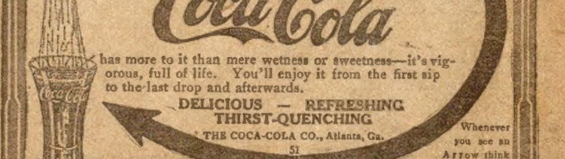
BASEBALL CURVER Worn on the hand it aids in giving the ball a rapid whirling motion thus causing a wide curve. So small it is not noticed and they all wonder where those AWFUL curves come from. Send for a curver today if you want to be a crack pitcher and fan out the batters. Price 25c with directions for throwing all curves. CURVER Co., Box 1174 Brady, Neb.

2 RINGS GIVEN

Sell 10 packs Prof. Smith's Hair Tonic and Dandruff Remedy at 10c each. WE TRUST YOU. When sold return the $1 and we'll send 2 beautiful rings or choice from premium list. Reliable firm, estab. 15 years. ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., Box 89, Woodsboro, Md.

SONG POEMS AND MUSICAL COMPOSITIONS

—That are successful—bring fame and cash to their writers. Send us your manuscript, or write for FREE PARTICULARS. Publication guaranteed if accepted. H. Kirkus Dugdale Co., Desk 220 Washington, D. C.



For Your Enjoyment

Here's an individual among drinks—a beverage that fairly snaps with delicious goodness and refreshing wholesomeness.

Coca-Cola

has more to it than mere wetness or sweetness—it's vigorous, full of life. You'll enjoy it from the first sip to the last drop and afterwards.

DELICIOUS — REFRESHING
THIRST-QUENCHING

THE COCA-COLA CO., Atlanta, Ga.

51

Whenever you see an Arrow think of Coca-Cola

FREE TO
ASTHMA SUFFERERS.

A New Home Cure That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time.

We have a New Method that cures Asthma, and we want you to try it at our expense. No matter whether your case is of long-standing or recent development, whether it is present as hay-fever or chronic Asthma, our method is an absolute cure. No matter in what climate you live, no matter what your age or occupation, our method will certainly cure you right in your own home.

We especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases, where all forms of inhalers, douches, opium preparations, fumes, "patent smokes," etc., have failed. We want to show everyone at our own expense that this new method will end all difficult breathing, all wheezing, and all those terrible paroxysms at once and for all time.

This free offer is too important to neglect a single day. Write now and begin the cure at once. Send no money. Simply mail coupon below. Do It Today.

FREE ASTHMA COUPON.

FRONTIER ASTHMA CO., Room 204,
Niagara and Hudson Sts., Buffalo, N. Y.
Send free trial of your method to:

....

....

....

Here is a Mighty Good **TYPEWRITER**

$18 for $18 in U.S.A.

Use it 10 Days FREE

No longer any excuse to be behind the times, and unbusinesslike with your correspondence. The **Bennett $18 Typewriter** turns out letters that "can't be beaten" for neatness and accuracy. *Standard keyboard of 84 characters* same as $100 machine. Built of few parts—hence its low price. Small and never in the way. Quality guaranteed. Agents wanted. *Write today for our 10 day free trial offer*, with catalog.

G. E. BENNETT TYPEWRITER CO., 366 Broadway, N. Y.

FREE *Murray* Style Book

Save $30

We want our 1911 Catalog in the home of every Farmer in America; 178 pages and 251 illustrations of Vehicle and Harness bargains. Murray Highest Award Surries direct from our factory; 4 weeks' road trial, 3 years' guarantee. Send for Big Free Book.

The W. H. Murray Mfg. Co 400 E. 5th St., Cincinnati, O.

From Factory To Horse

SALESMEN WANTED

Trained Salesmen earn from $1,200.00 to $10,000.00 a year, and expenses. Hundreds of good positions now open. No experience needed to get one of them. We will assist you to secure a position where you can get Practical Experience as a Salesman and earn $100 a month or more while you are learning. Write to-day for our free book *"A Knight of the Grip,"* list of good openings, and testimonials from hundreds of men recently placed in good positions.

Address nearest office, Dept. 200

National Salesmen's Training Association
Chicago New York Kansas City Seattle New Orleans

GO INTO THE
Moving Picture Business

FROM $45 to $60 STARTS YOU AND YOU WILL EARN AS MUCH IN 1 OR 2 NIGHTS

The small payment required to get our machine will make more money than thousands of dollars invested in any other enterprise.

$25 and more per night can be made exhibiting with our machine in halls, schools, churches, theaters, etc., in your own and surrounding towns. We furnish everything—rent films, too.

Write for particulars about our Moving Picture Machines and our 6-months-to-pay plan.

P. & W. SALES CO., 841 Temple Court Bldg., CHICAGO

HYPNOTISM

The key to health, wealth and happiness. Anyone may learn in a few hours' time. Control whom you wish. Make fun by the hour. Give exhibitions and make money. Treat diseases and bad habits. Success sure. Very small cost. Write for free booklet to

M. D. BETTS, Sta. 15, Jackson, Mich.

12 POST CARDS FREE

We will send you 12 of the prettiest post cards you ever saw if you will send us 4c to pay postage and mailing and say that you will show them to some of your friends. If you wish, we will also put your name in our Post Card Exchange free. You will get cards from all over the world. Address: FAMILY STORY PAPER, 24-44 Vandewater St., New York

WANTED A man or woman to act as our information reporter. All or spare time. No experience necessary. $50 to $300 per month. Nothing to sell. Send stamp for particulars. Address SALES ASSOCIATION, 607 Association Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

breeze. On the ground could be seen the figures of the Frenchman writhing in torture as the encircling crowd thrust the needle-like points of their noses, now hectic with a crimson fluid, into every portion of his body.

The sliver-eyes of the assailants darted more than human hate at the prostrate man. They were evidently inflicting a horrible vengeance upon him.

The explanation lay only a few yards beyond. Half a dozen of the green moon-folk were spread prone upon the ground. Some had lost their arms. One or two green heads turned lifeless and ghastly faces up to the sky.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

COMING CONVULSIONS.

"See," exclaimed Lester, pointing to the heap of prostrate moon-folk, "he's evidently set upon those and killed them and these are settling the score!"

His followers shuddered at the horrid spectacle. Lester himself approached still closer to the mob of strange avengers.

"Stop, stop!" he called loudly, for an instant unaware that his voice meant nothing to them.

At the sound, however, the stabbing throng ceased and turned its eyes on the group of rescuers. Something betwixt awe and hate rankled in their eyes.

Lester gripped his revolver but hesitated to use it.

"Try to push them away with your rods, boys," he cried, "but don't hurt them if you can help."

The men swung their weapons around like flails. The moon-folk retreated from about Jeroc's body and stood swaying and uncertain.

The aviator darted forward and dragged the howling, writhing mechanician to safety within the midst of his own party. The man was in frightful shape. Not an inch of him had escaped the incision of one of these crimson, pointed noses. He was smeared with that strange fluid which had been taken for poison.

The moon-folk no sooner noted the effort to remove Jeroc's body than they returned to the attack. A horde of them curled about the little band of men. They pressed closer with those poison-tipped noses waving threateningly in the air.

Even the wielding of the weapons of the men seemed not to deter them. Yet all the time their eyes seemed bent upon the prostrate figure of the Frenchman. He alone appeared to be the object of their charge.

Babcock, finding them too close for either comfort or safety and yet disliking to use violence upon the queer creatures, bethought himself of an expedient. Raising his magazine revolver high in air, he fired it rapidly half a dozen times. The noise of the discharge instantly put the moon-folk in panic. Their eyes showed fear, their slender bodies trembled, their arms and noses, that but a moment before had been threatening violence, drooped in subjection.

Then as if impelled by a common instinct the whole vast horde began to retreat. Slowly at first the green creatures edged away from the little group of invaders, gradually increasing their gait until they soon looked like a gigantic flock of green-plumaged birds sailing along close to the ground.

"Watch them closely," ordered Lester, swinging his gun in the direction in which the green throng was disappearing, "we may want to follow them up."

Then attention was turned to Jeroc. He lay in a half stupor now. His eyes opened spasmodically and there was an unnatural glare to them. It was different from the effects that Lester had seen whisky work in the mechanician. Intuitively it made him fear dire effects from the chastisement the moon-folk had wreaked upon the Frenchman.

"We'll have to carry him back," said the aviator, but no one of his men stirred to the task. The sight of the disfigured and red-stained figure was as repellant to them as the plague.

Babcock was compelled to form a litter from the rods the men had brought. Onto this he lifted Jeroc. Then the solemn march back to the airship was begun. The mechanician shivered and cried out once or twice as if in delirium ere he was landed back in the room from which he had escaped.

Professor Jekyll, looking over the miserable figure, shook his head doubtfully.

"I wouldn't be a bit surprised if they've done for him," he said to Lester. "But he may give us a lot of trouble just the same."

"How so?"

"If that red fluid is a poison as we suspect, there's no telling into what condition it may throw him before it finally masters him."

Having set a close watch on the wounded man, the aviator once more turned his attention to the problems confronting the expedition.

"Water is what we want most," he declared. "A world full of diamonds won't be worth a whoop to us unless we can raise water enough to carry us back to earth."

Under half speed the Virginia was started across the barren stretches in the direction the moon-folk had fled. For an hour it edged along within a few hundred feet of the ground. But as far as the eye could see, there was no break in this sweep of barren, parched and blistered land.

Then, as they maneuvered, uncertain what to do, dusk fell.

"Dark so soon?" inquired Lester. Then looking at his watch, "Why, it's only four o'clock."

"Quite right," answered the professor with a smile," these are now days up here—much shorter than our days on earth."

The Virginia was brought to the ground and preparations made to spend the night in quiet. It was not deemed safe to attempt flying in the dark in this unknown land.

Watch was set and the powerful searchlight with which the airship was fitted was put in operation to ward off any sinister foes.

"Tomorrow we'll go back to the diamonds," announced the professor as he retired to his room.

Yet no one on board secured a complete night's rest. Jeroc's spasmodic outbreaks of delirium were frequent and unnerving.

Past midnight the man on watch tapped cautiously at the aviator's door. Almost instantly Babcock stuck out his ruffled head.

"What is it?" he inquired anxiously.

"There's a strange noise outside," answered the guard. "It's been goin' on for an hour or so. I can't understand it. I can't see nothin'. So I thought you oughter know about it."

Lester hustled into his clothes and hastened outside. Together the men slipped out of the cabin door to the ground. The night was hot. The heavy air seemed to scorch their skin.

Lester cast his glance from the barren moon to the star-studded sky. Then just above the horizon peeped a glow of golden light. An arc of blazing red followed that grew and grew until a huge crimson orb rolled fully into view. With a motion almost perceptible it swept grandly into the zenith.

Lester stood in rapt admiration of the scene for quite a moment. Then he turned to his comrade and said:

"Wilkinson, do you know what that big ball up there is?"

"I ain't no 'stronomer, sir."

"That's our little old earth."

Whereat Wilkinson with mouth agape fell to gazing in awe at the blood-red sphere soaring beyond them. Then as silence reigned again the guard touched Lester's sleeve and whispered:

"Do you hear that?"

Listening intently the aviator could faintly make out a rumbling roar that seemed to come from far ahead of them. It died away to recur more plainly. The ground quivered beneath them.

"What do you make of it?" asked the guard fearfully.

"Sounds to me as if it might be a moon-quake. Go in and call the professor."

Steadily the tremors came nearer and nearer. A broken roar, for all the world like that of some great leviathan in agony, accompanied them.

Lester hastily directed the searchlight in the direction from whence the sounds came. The ground seemed to be heaving like a storm swept sea.

As he stood staring at the remarkable spectacle, Professor Jekyll joined him. The quiver and roar the scientist read like a book.

"A mighty moon convulsion is approaching," he said. "One of the kind that sent down to earth the diamond meteor I found." Then he turned to Lester with quick alarm. "If it catches us here," he exclaimed, "it will wreck the airship and destroy us!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

DIAMONDS AND DEATH.

Lester fairly drove the guard to the motors. He himself released the Virginia, sent the professor to rouse the crew and grabbed the steering wheel.

Just as the ground swell grew to the dimensions of ocean billows and the rear of the quake brought even Virginia from her room, the aviator curved the airship into the black night through which the earth cast its blood-red glow.

The maneuver was not an instant too soon. The airship's propellers had barely lifted her a hundred feet before there came against the sides of the Virginia patter as of hail. Steadily it increased until it was like the rattle of musketry.

Then when the airship had risen to a new zone of safety, there came a premonitory rumble closely followed by a tremendous, terrifying upheaval and crash as if all the giant mountain tops they had seen in the morning were now engaged in some titanic tussle.

Virginia, white-faced and distrait, reached Lester's side just as he, apprehensive of the peril which the din forecast, turned his searchlight downward toward the spot they had quitted.

An astonishing transformation greeted their eyes. What but a moment before had been a level stretch of barren land was now upheaved into giant rocks and cleft with yawning abysses. As far as the rays of the powerful light would reach the scene was the same: A succession of towering cliffs interspersed with chasms to the depth of which no eye could pierce.

"And look, look," exclaimed Virginia, staring with blazing eyes at the snatches of the sundered landscape, "what are

Freight Prepaid
30 Days Free Trial

$1 a Week for the Artistic
Meister PIANO

Sold direct from Factory to You

No Cash Down. No Interest.
No Extras.
Price $175.00
Stool and Scarf Free
A guaranteed saving of $100 at least, on each instrument.

WE believe the correct way to buy a piano is to try it in your own home first. We don't want the trial to cause you any expense, hence we pay the freight — also the return freight if the piano is not entirely satisfactory.

Notwithstanding our easy terms of payments *and our extremely low prices*, the Meister is a high-class instrument of standard construction and quality fully guaranteed for 10 years. Ask your local banker to investigate our standing. Rothschild & Co's. resources exceed $3,000,000.00

We sell more pianos direct from factory to home than any other concern in the world

Send A Postal
For The Piano Book

It is free, and illustrates in the colors of the wood eight styles of the Meister

The Meister Piano Co.
Rothschild & Company, Sole Owners
State, Van Buren and Wabash Ave.
Department 12 G Chicago, Ill.

FREE WHISKEY

To quickly introduce to new patrons and into new localities, RILEY'S WORLD'S FAMOUS FLAGSTAFF WHISKEY, we ask you to promptly send us your name and address, thereby placing yourself in position to receive 2 QUARTS of this excellent, high grade whiskey, free of cost.

W. R. Riley Dist. Co.,
Dept C, Kansas City, Mo.

Cut This Coupon Out And Send It To Us Promptly.

Name ....

Address ....

those shining lights down there—like so many huge white brilliant eyes."

Both Lester and Professor Jekyll bent closer to the forward window. No terrorized or disordered sight had enabled Virginia to behold a phantasy. What she had indicated was clear to their view too—a gorgeous, wide-flung array of brilliancy that flashed and dazzled and scintillated under the searchlight like some vast, almost illimitable field of virgin polished gems.

"There they are—enough for a hundred such expeditions as ours," gasped the professor, his eyes glittering, his face working spasmodically.

"What do you mean?" asked Lester, struggling to hold his voice steady

"Those fields down there," laughed the astronomer half hysterically, grabbing the aviator by the arm, "are diamond fields, my boy, upturned in this mighty cataclysm right before our eyes. Miraculous, isn't it?" and in sheer joy the venerable man hopped about like a school boy over some new and remarkable toy.

Virginia again was the one to recall them to a new spectacle. Her eyes were full of horror when, after another inspection of the scene below, she staggered back within the fold of one of her lover's arms, hid her face in her hands and shook with emotion.

"Oh, oh," she cried, "the poor things. They're all killed—horribly. The poor things."

Her quick woman's sympathy, voiced so keenly, roused Lester and the professor to another inspection of the dread scene below. In the shining glare of the searchlight, they beheld the cause of Virginia's outbreak.

Strewn in crevices, flung over rocky peaks, littering the few level places left by the upheaval were the dismembered, headless, horribly mutilated remains of myriads of the moon-folk.

They evidently had been caught in the gigantic natural convulsion and not one of them apparently had escaped with life. For turn the searchlight where he would, Lester could discover no sign of movement. It was like some tremendous battlefield where every combatant on both sides had fallen with death wounds.

"We couldn't be of any help if we went down to them," volunteered the aviator as he turned from the lunar shambles with a sigh. "We don't know how to treat the queer creatures."

"Oh, it's useless," returned the professor. "There's not a chance of finding one alive. That convulsion was so terrific that no being as near to it as they and of such fragile frame could have withstood it."

"Do you know," said Virginia, looking up through saddened eyes, "I cannot bring myself to think it is right for us to carry off the precious belongings of those queer beings up here without some return. It seems like pilfering."

"My dear child," insisted the astronomer, "your sympathy is misplaced though highly commendable. These creatures we saw today lost their appreciation of both the value and beauty of their diamonds untold centuries ago. They could no more appreciate them than one of our own century plants at home."

"But if the moon and its valuables belongs to any one, they surely belong to the inhabitants here, primitive as they are," persisted the girl.

"As for that," hesitated the astronomer. "I think we shall find when daylight comes again that the moon is no longer peopled—even by such as these. I expect to find the entire race obliterated."

"Well, until we do I am opposed to taking one atom of their property without just compensation," declared Virginia.

"You mean that you are opposed to taking back to earth the diamonds we came for?" exclaimed Professor Jekyll in astonishment.

The girl nodded her head vigorously.

"But, my dear child," he expostulated, "that would make the expedition a failure so far as monetary results are concerned. That would make it impossible to repay you for all the sacrifices you have made; it would make it impossible to redeem all your priceless jewels"

"I had rather lose them all," she answered with shining eyes, "than to go back with the recollection that I had despoiled these little folk," and she glanced shudderingly below.

CHAPTER XXX.

WATER AT LAST.

This new complication, however, was destined to early solution. All night the Virginia hovered over the scene of the cataclysm. The first rays of the quick-coming morning light showed that their night view had given them only a small conception of the extent of the catastrophe.

As far as the eye could reach the surface that on the day before was almost as smooth as polished marble lay now in irregular successions of wild and frowning heights and abyssmal depths.

The enormous masses of yellow rock, thrown up as if by some mastodonic churn, scintillated with the gems imbedded in their sides until the earth voyagers, breathless at the amazing spectacle, threatened to become blinded as well.

But the wildness, the weirdness of the scene was lost in the horror aroused at the extent of the calamity to the moon-folk

Heights and depths were strewn with their sundered remains. Look where the airship party might, they beheld, destitute of all life, what seemed to be the remnants of millions of the little plant-men.

Professor Jekyll was eager to begin the task of loading the airship with the precious gems for which it had come but still Virginia demurred. And Babcock stood with her.

"We must first discover whether there are any people left alive up here," she insisted "Until we discover that there is none left to claim what we desire to take away, I am opposed to removing a single valuable."

The professor spluttered and argued but Virginia carried her point. For four weary days the airship scurried back and forth across the faces of the moon, seeking for some sign of life.

Once they came upon what appeared to be the ruins of a city. The remnants of fallen walls and pillars could be made out. Closer inspection showed that the builders for decorative purposes had used diamonds with a lavish hand.

Professor Jekyll quickly made use of the sight to argue with Virginia.

"See," he said, "here is proof positive that they thought no more of diamonds up here than we do of a piece of marble on earth. And besides, whatever could puny little creatures such as we have seen here do with diamonds? Nothing, nothing."

But it took another day's hunt in which practically a full inspection of the moon was completed to wring a reluctant consent from Virginia for the loading of the diamonds. Not a living thing was found.

Like so much coal the precious stones were gathered up where they lay thickest and largest. In heavy canvas bags they were carried aboard the airship and stowed away in the storeroom. When that was filled, more were tucked away beneath the berths in the staterooms until the word was finally passed "Enough." The Virginia's carrying power would permit of no more though only an infinitesimal part of the riches of the moon fields had been touched.

Through all the work, Babcock's mind ran in another groove. "Water," was the burden of his thought. Through all their flight about the moon he had kept his eyes sharply set for a sign of it. With their depleted supply, it would be foolhardy to start on the return trip to earth.

When the last diamond had been stowed and all was apparently ready for start of the return trip, Lester conferred again about the water supply.

Professor Jekyll who, in the delight at the fulfillment of his astronomic dreams, seemed to have dropped his severe, scholastic ways and become almost a boy in enthusiasm again, was for risking the return trip as things stood.

"We've still got an abundance of canned and bottled liquids," he argued. "We can't go thirsty."

"I am taking no chances," answered the aviator with a fond glance toward Virginia. "We do not know how long it will take us to get back nor what uses we may have for a full water supply."

So the search for water was renewed. Into the chasm and abysses eyes were bent eagerly until at the end of weary day, Lester, leaning over the edge of a precipice so deep that the bottom could not be seen, thought he detected a faint trickle. He called Virginia. She confirmed his discovery.

Babcock promptly rounded up the searching party.

"It's impossible to climb down there," he explained. "Whoever goes down will have to be lowered by ropes. Risks, yes? Of course we don't know what's down there. Who'll try it?"

The eyes of every man glanced furtively at the precipice and then into the blackness of the abyss. But not one of them responded to the aviator's challenge.

"Very well," he said lightly. And despite the protestations of Virginia, he was trussed up at the end of a lengthy rope and gently lowered out of sight. Two great buckets dangled at his side.

Lester, accustomed to the most intrepid feats in midair, felt no such disdain of peril in descending thus into the bowels of the moon. Though the heat was intense, he shivered once or twice as daylight slowly left him and the gloom of mighty, weird and fantastic walls swallowed him. Only the realization that the trickle he had discovered was constantly growing louder sustained him.

His feet finally struck rock that stayed farther descent. In the almost midnight darkness he dropped to his knees and groped about. His hand settled upon a soft, crumbling substance. Gently he fingered it.

"For all the world like human bones," he muttered. Feeling farther he found the entire floor of the chasm sprinkled with these grewsome remnants of a wiped out race.

Then his hand suddenly dipped into the tepid waters of a pool. He gulped happily but shuddered quickly when trying to touch the farther edges of the water he could not reach them.

(Continued on page eighteen.)

$7.50

And You Keep This Great Engine

SCHMIDT'S CHILLED CYLINDER GASOLINE ENGINE

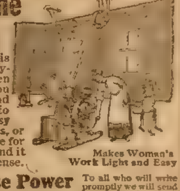
Yes, sir, that's right—you keep this engine for $7.50, a wonderful gasoline engine offer, an offer without a parallel. We ship you Schmidt's Chilled Cylinder Gasoline Engine on your simple request without an order or any promise from you. You use the engine 10 entire days, use it all you want to. Then if you don't want it, send it back at our expense. If you do wish to keep it, pay us **only $7.50 and the rest in the easiest monthly payments. We send you the engine free,** to prove that it is the greatest **air cooled** 3 horse power engine on earth. It is the only engine with the marvelous, powerful **chilled cylinder.** The only engine for farm use with a **spark retarder.** The new type gasoline engine that has revolutionized the gasoline engine industry. The only engine good enough to send out on **actual free trial** without a cent down in any way.

Ten Days' Trial FREE

This is the first genuine free trial ever offered on gasoline engines for farm and shop use. We want you to see that women and children can run this engine. Use the engine to run any machinery you have—the pump—separator—washing machine—corn sheller—grinder—anything. Engine is ready to run when you get it. We will send you prepaid our sensational offer and our very useful book "How to Use Power" free.

Long Time to Pay

If you like this engine after trying it out for ten whole days you can keep it and take long time to pay for it on **easy monthly payments,** or after using it free for ten days, just send it back at our expense.



Makes Woman's Work Light and Easy

5 Years Guarantee Schmidt's Chilled Cylinder Gasoline Engine is absolutely guaranteed for 5 years in every piece and part. The biggest bank in Iowa backs our $1,000 challenge offer.

How to Use Power To all who will write promptly we will send our useful book "How to Use Power" free. Send us your name and address today.

Schmidt Bros. Co. Engine Works, Dept. 4155 Davenport, Iowa

ALL NEW SONGS AND MUSIC 10c

Silver Bell
Ida Ho
Lonesome
Pony Boy
Navajo
Tippicanoe
Any Rags
Redeila
Hiawatha
Honey Boy
Red Wing
Dreaming
Ogalalle
I Love It
Dublin Rag
Stop, Stop, Stop
Grizzly Bear
It's You Pal
My Mariuccia
My Irish Molly O
Beautiful Eyes
I Remember You
Cubanola Glide
The Man Behind
My Southern Rose
Garden of Roses
Sweet Italian Love
All that I Ask is Love
You're a Grand Old Flag
Why Don't You Try
Are You Coming Out Tonight
Down in Jungle Town
Don't Take Me Home
Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet
Carrie Marry Harry
Give My Regards to Broadway
A Little Boy, Called Taps
Down in the Brandywine
Yankee Doodle Boy
Bye, Bye Dearie
Under the Yum Yum Tree
Some of These Days
Every Little Movement
Anybody Here Seen Kelly
Mandy How Do You Do
Dinah From Carolina
Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland
I've got Rings on My Fingers
My Wife's Gone to the Country
That's How I Love You, Mame
In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree
When You Know You're Not Forgotten by the Girl You Can't Forget
'Neath the Old Cherry Tree, Sweet Marie
The Mesmerizing Mendelsohn Tune
Call Me Up Some Rainy Afternoon
Put Your Foot on the Soft Pedal
Any Little Girl that's a Nice Little Girl
By the Light of the Silvery Moon
Next to Your Mother Who Do You Love?
Every Girl I Get the Other Fellow Steals
Let Me Call You Sweetheart
I'd Rather Say Hello than Say Goodbye

10 CENTS gets all the above LATEST POPULAR SONGS and 100 others, also 5 pieces Piano Music, all big hits, such as "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," "Maybe I'll Come Back," etc. Best collection ever published. You'll be more than pleased. 3 collections 20c. Tell all your friends and order today. VOCAL MUSIC CO., Dept. [illegible] 157 West Adams St., CHICAGO.

500% PROFIT

Operating a Daydark Photo Post Card Machine. Three photo postal cards of any object made and delivered on the spot in ten minutes. No experience required—no dark room necessary. All work done in the machine in open day. Establish a profitable business at home by opening a Daydark Postal Parlor. Big money maker on the street, at fairs, etc. Send at once for free catalog and sample post card showing the fine work the machine does.

Daydark Specialty Co. 2126 Cass Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Ruptured People—

Try this for Relief and Cure

No Loss of Time from Work—You Keep on Earning Money—No Belt, Elastic, Springs, or Leg-straps to Wear—Won't Cost You a Cent if You Don't Get Better.

You can try this—the greatest boon to the ruptured the world has ever known—without having to risk a single cent of your money.

It's a way to get well **while working.**

If you don't find yourself getting better right from the first, then you won't have to pay a penny.

Curing Begins At Once

This massage is so **beneficial—so curative—** that 199 people out of every 200 begin to get better and stronger almost the minute a Cluthe Truss is put on—so beneficial that among the thousands of people completely cured by this truss are some of the worst cases of rupture on record.

Free Book Tells All About It

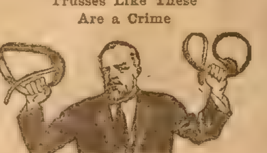
So that you can judge for yourself, we want to send you—free—our cloth-bound book of advice—it is full of facts for the ruptured never before put in print—facts we have learned during forty years of day-after-day experience.

You Don't Risk a Penny

This is far more than a truss—far more than merely a device for holding your rupture in place.

We are sure it will work wonders for you just as it has for thousands of others that we want to make a Cluthe Truss or Cluthe Automatic Massager especially for your case and send it to you to test—

Trusses Like These Are a Crime



It explains the dangers of operation. Explains why wearing ordinary trusses is simply slow suicide. Tells why drug-stores and dealers in surgical supplies should no more be allowed to sell trusses than a school boy would be allowed to perform an operation.—Also exposes the fake "methods," "appliances," "plaster pads," fake "free cure," etc.

And it tells all about the Cluthe Truss or the Cluthe Automatic Massager—how little it costs—how it ends all expense—how it is waterproof and can be worn in the bath—how it has no belt, elastic band, springs or leg-straps—no "harness" of any kind. And it tells how you can get a Cluthe Truss without risking a penny

Book also tells—in their own words—the experiences of many who have tried this truss—gives the names and addresses of over 4,000—probably some of them right in your neighborhood.

Simply say in a letter or postal "Send me the book" and address giving our box number—

Box 25, CLUTHE INSTITUTE
125 East 23rd Street, New York

Don't fail to get this book—the minute it takes to write us may free you from misery and suffering for the rest of your life

And won't charge you a cent if it doesn't result in improvement—if it doesn't keep your rupture from coming out—when you are working, exercising, etc., all day long and every day.

Don't judge this by other trusses. This is the **only truss guaranteed** to hold. And in **addition** to that, the Cluthe Truss provides the **only way ever discovered** for **overcoming the weakness** which is the real cause of rupture.

While taking all **strain** off the rupture, this truss is **constantly strengthening** the weak ruptured parts—

Does that by **automatically massaging** them—this soothing, healing massage does for these parts exactly what **exercise** does for weak arms—soon restores their lost strength—soon makes them so strong that a truss is no longer needed.

AGENTS WANTED

$5.00 TO $10.00 A DAY

You can easily earn $5 to $10 a day taking orders for our Stylish, Made-to-Measure clothes—many agents earn more. No money or experience necessary—we teach you this money-making business and back you with our capital

Suits $9.00 UP Pants $2.50 UP Express Prepaid

Every garment made to measure in latest city style—fit and workmanship guaranteed. One **Hustling Agent** wanted in every town. Exclusive territory.
FREE—Write for Agent's outfit—FREE.
PROGRESS TAILORING CO., 125 Harrison St., Chicago

GOLD shell **Spectacles $1 a Pair** Send for catalog. Agents wanted
Coulter Optical Co., Chicago, Ill.

ACENTS $36 A WEEK EXPENSES PAID. No experience or capital required, 30 days credit; photo pillow tops 50c; enlarged portraits, bromides, paintings, frames; lowest prices; samples and catalogue free. Dept.Z, Ritter Art Studio, Chicago, Ill.

TOBACCO FACTORY WANTS SALESMEN. Good Pay, Steady Work and Promotion. Experience unnecessary as we give Complete instructions. Piedmont Tobacco Co., Bx.614, Danville, Va.

AGENTS PORTRAITS 35c, FRAMES 15c. Sheet Pictures 1c, Stereoscopes 25c, Viewslet. Thirty Days' Credit. Samples and Catalog Free.
CONSOLIDATED PORTRAIT, Dept. 4155, 1027 W. Adams St., CHICAGO

BOYS & GIRLS Earn vacation money selling key rings, name plates, badges. Send 10 cents for 25c sample and full information.
WESTERN NOVELTY WORKS, B St., Fairbury, Neb.

DON'T ACCEPT an agency until you get my samples and particulars. MONEY MAKERS
Address SAYMAN 604 Sayman Building, St. Louis, Mo

Live Agents Wanted

Hustlers to handle our attractive combination packages of soap and toilet articles with valuable premiums. One Michigan agent made $65 in 47 hrs., another $21 in 8 hrs., another $22.50 in 10 hrs. Write today.
DAVIS SOAP WORKS, 307 Davis Bldg., 1431 Carroll Ave., CHICAGO

AGENTS WANTED
Sell our Big $1.00 Bottle Sarsaparilla for 39 cents.
200 Per Cent Profit.
Best Seller. Finest Medicine. Complies with pure drug law. Everyone buys. Write now for terms.
F. R. GREENE, 23 E. Lake St., Chicago

AGENTS My Sanitary Coffee Maker produces pure, sweet coffee, needs no settler and never wears out. Saves coffee, money and health. Every wife buys at sight; new invention; exclusive territory. Send 15c. for 60c. size, postpaid.
DR. LYONS, 429 Day St., Pekin, Ill.

$18 TO $30 A WEEK SURE

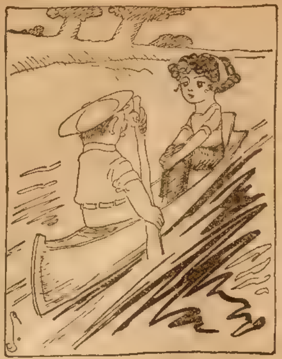
Start today—Boost your income. New Invention. Ever-Ready Tool Kit—four combinations—make 12 tools in 1. Wonderful—agents reaping big profits. For use anywhere—everybody wants one. Just show—sale is made. No experience needed. Write today—a postal.
FREE Sample to Hustlers, Send for yours today
FOOTE MFG. CO. Dept. 109 Dayton, Ohio

Nulite Gasoline Table Lamp

A beautiful lamp for homes, hotels, offices, stores, banks, cafes. Portable, safe, can be turned upside down or rolled on floor without danger or affecting the light, 300 C. P. of soft, brilliant light, one-third cent per hour. Also 200 different styles of lamps and systems.
Agents—We want town, county and traveling salesmen. Best proposition ever offered. Sells everywhere. Write for Special Offer.
NATIONAL STAMPING & ELECTRIC WORKS,
408 So. Clinton Street, Chicago, Ill.

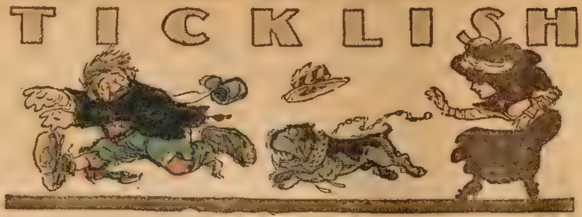
BIG MAIL FREE!

Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agent's Directory List for several years and refer to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agents' Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address
Agent's Directory List, Indiana, Pa.



She—You had no business to kiss me last night.

He—It wasn't business; it was pleasure.



Doctor Is Immune.

"When a man dies, is an inquest always held?"

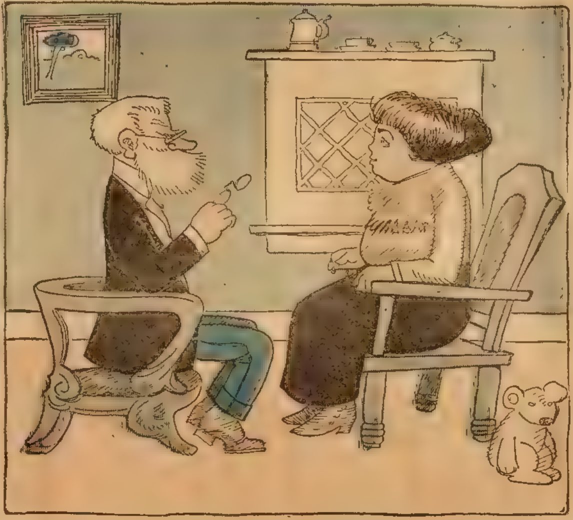
"Oh, no. If a doctor has been in attendance the coroner is not supposed to have to inquire into the cause of the death."

Hand and Foot.

"George hasn't been to see her since he asked her father for her hand."

"Thought he wrote a letter."

"He did, and carried it around, and her pa handed it back with a footnote."



Prof. Piffle—I see Etna is having eruptions again.

Mrs. Sniffle—Isn't that too bad! I don't see why her folks don't get her some of these skin lotions you see advertised.

A Rap at the Old Man.

Daughter—But I don't intend to marry yet; I want to study.

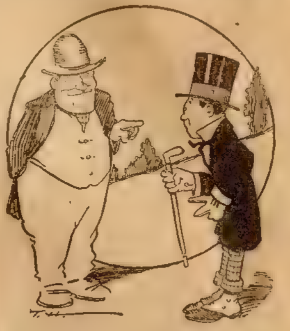
Mother—Absurd! The men will only think less of you in the end if you know much.

Daughter—Oh, now, mamma! You always expect other men to be like papa!

Modern Improvements.

Patient—Doctor, I'm having an awful lot of trouble with the gas in my stomach.

Doctor—Yes, yes, I know. Those old fashioned fixtures are giving people a lot of trouble this fall. Just step into the next room and I'll have my engineer wire you for electric lights.



Mr. Prosperous—A great, big, able-bodied man like you ought to be ashamed to ask a stranger for money.

Meandering Mike—I know I ought, but, mister, I'm too kind-hearted to tap you on de head and take it away from you.

A Cautious Young Woman.

"Do you believe in long engagements?" he asked after she had consented to be his.

"Yes, dearest," she replied. "I have always thought it was such a mistake for two people to rush into matrimony before they learn to really know each other."

"Well, about how long would you wish the engagement to be?"

"Let me see. Would you think it was too long if we didn't get married until a week from next Thursday?"

A Plea for Engagements.

Old Henpeck—Nonsense! The idea of talking about marriage! You and my daughter haven't been engaged over six months.

Young Man—Do you believe in long engagements, sir?

Old Henpeck—Certainly, my young friend; certainly. The longer the engagement, the shorter the marriage.

Stung.

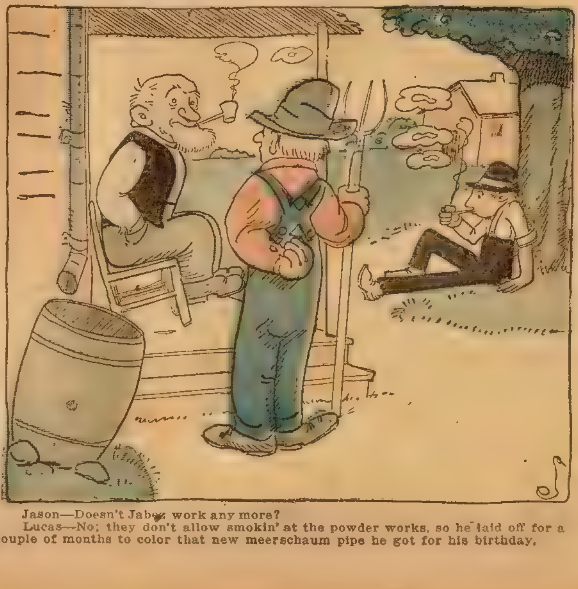
Mr. Dressy—When my grandfather was your age, he had already made his mark in the world.

Kid—Gee, didn't they make 'em go to school and learn to write in those days?

It All Depends.

"Is a ton of coal very much, pa?"

"It depends on whether you are shoveling it or burning it."



Jason—Doesn't Jabez work any more?

Lucas—No; they don't allow smokin' at the powder works, so he laid off for a couple of months to color that new meerschaum pipe he got for his birthday.

AGENTS $50 TO $75 EVERY WEEK

Biggest seller ever invented. One man's orders $2650.00 one month—profit $1650.00. Mere boy in Pa. made $9.00 in 2 1-2 hours. "Called at 20 homes, made 19 sales," says A. F. Martin, Mich. "Sold 131 in 2 days," says G. W. Handy, New York. "Sold 18 first 4 1-2 hrs.," says E. Menn, Wis. Hundreds getting rich. You can make this money. New Self-Wringing Mop. A household necessity. Women all buy—delighted. No talking necessary. 150 percent profit to agents. Act quick. You can't fail because you risk nothing. We own patents and give exclusive territory. Write for your county today. Send no money. Only your name and address on a postal card for information, offer and valuable booklet **Free.** Write today.

The Easy Wringer Mop (Patented)

Turn Crank to Wring. Hands do not touch water or cloth.

U. S. Mop Co. 1365 Main St., Leipsic, O.

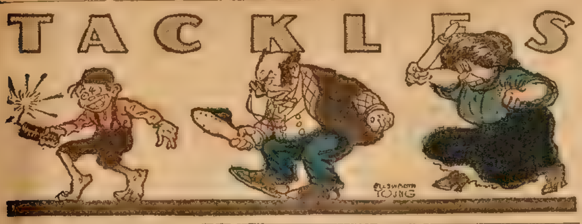
Fine Pocket Knife FREE

C.C.Coy CANTON, OHIO

To Agents. Send No Money. Our knives decorated with name, address, lodge emblem, favorite photos, etc.; Send for terms.
SALESMEN make quick, big profits selling our scientifically tempered
PHOTO POCKET KNIVES
Be your own boss. Write at once for good money-making proposition and exclusive territory. (6)
CANTON CUTLERY CO., Dept. B-5 CANTON, OHIO

WANTED AGENTS Suit, watch and furniture circle organizers, to organize circle putting out $30 and $35 articles for $20, including men's made to order suits and overcoats, women's suits, diamonds, rings, watches, furniture and carpets, sewing machines, etc.; good salary and commission. Keystone Tailoring & Supply Co., Dept. 6, 612 Smithfield St., Pittsburg, Pa.

MEN & WOMEN Make over 100% in business for yourself, manufacturing novelties. Send 10c for 25c sample and full information. Western Novelty Works, A St., Fairbury, Neb.



Diverse Tactics.

Both boys had been rude to their mother. She put them to bed earlier than usual, and then complained to their father about them. So he started up the stairway, and they heard him coming.

"Here comes papa," said Maurice. "I'm going to make believe I'm asleep."

"I'm not," said Harry. "I'm going to get up and put something on."

There's Many a Slip.

Toffer—Have a cigar, old boy. I'm afraid, though, these are not very good. In fact, they may be worse than those I gave you last.

Friend (in a burst of politeness)—Impossible, my dear boy; impossible.

Objections.

Father—It's a curious thing that whenever I want you to marry a man you object, and whenever I do not want you to marry one you insist on it.

Daughter—Yes, and whenever we are agreed the man objects.

Hard to Understand.

"I can't understand it."

"What?"

"In winter time my husband can't get home to supper before 6 o'clock; but in summer he's always at the baseball grounds at 3."

Running for Office.

"I think I'll send a ton of coal to every widow in the district. How is that for a scheme?"

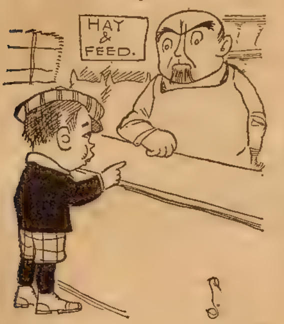
"Purty fair. But what if the other candidate sends coal to them as ain't widows as yet? They control the votes."

FRECKLES.

It Is Easy to Remove Them.

For years I tried every known remedy without success. Skin specialists and doctors said I would take them to the grave. I fooled them all.

I cured myself by a simple discovery. I will send you the prescription free if you will write for it. It took off my freckles and the freckles of thousands of others. It will remove yours. It will clear the worst complexion. Write today. Address Mrs. E. C. White, P. O. Box, Dept. No. 16A, Buffalo, N. Y.



Boy—A truss of 'ay, please, guv'nor.

Merchant—'Oo's it for—yer father?

Boy—No, silly, for the 'oss; father don't eat hay.

Told the Parson to Hurry.

Jack—I understand that their marriage was a hasty affair.

Tom—Yes, the wedding party went to the church in taxicabs and the registers kept running.

FREE ASTHMA CURE.

D. J. Lane, a chemist at 115 Lane Building, St. Marys' Kansas, manufactures a remedy for Asthma in which he has so much confidence that he sends a $1 bottle by express to anyone who will write for it. His offer is that he is to be paid for it if it cures, and the one taking the treatment is to be the judge.

Not Nowadays.

"Polonius was a very wise man. Just consider his advice to his son."

"Reads well. But would a really wise man attempt to tell his son anything?"

Expensive Schooling.

"Experience is the best teacher."

"Well, she ought to be; her teaching comes mighty high."

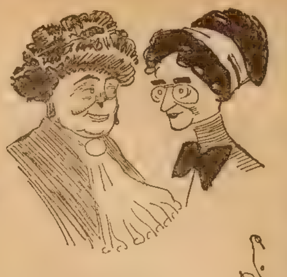
A Smart Husband.

Mr. De Fashion—The paper says sealers are disappointed at the low prices obtained for skins in London this season.

Mrs. De Fashion—That's splendid! You know I need a new——

Mr. De Fashion—The paper says the furs are very cheap, dirt cheap.

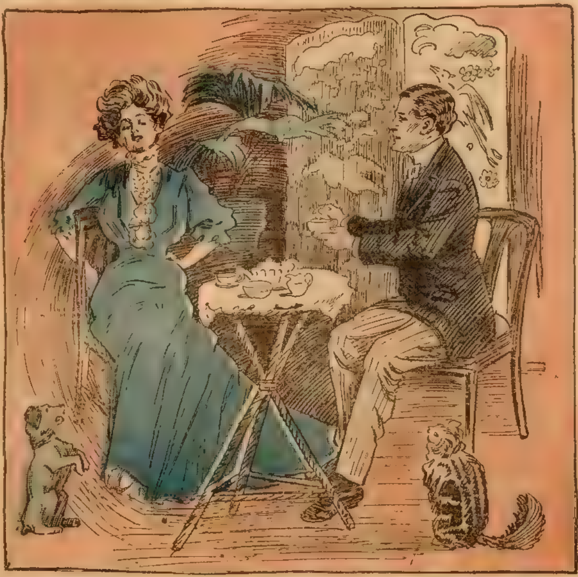
Mrs. De Fashion—I never did care much for seal fur. It's too warm.



Mrs. Dart—My husband is just begging me to take that trip around the world, but I can't.

Mrs. Upflatte—Why not?

Mrs. Dart—I always get dizzy when I travel in a circle.



Cholly (telling a story)—The train was coming and I pulled and pushed at the beam that was across the track —

Ethel—And you couldn't get it off?

Cholly—Naw; it was a moonbeam.

Ethel—You can go now!

A Severe Dose.

Doctor—You had better take a good dose of iron when you go home.

Little Patient—Won't brass do? I don't believe ma has any iron in the cellar.

Economical.

Miss Old Girl—Why do you take me on such long strenuous walks?

Widower—I want to reduce your size so that the ring will fit without alteration.

Getting the Worst of It.

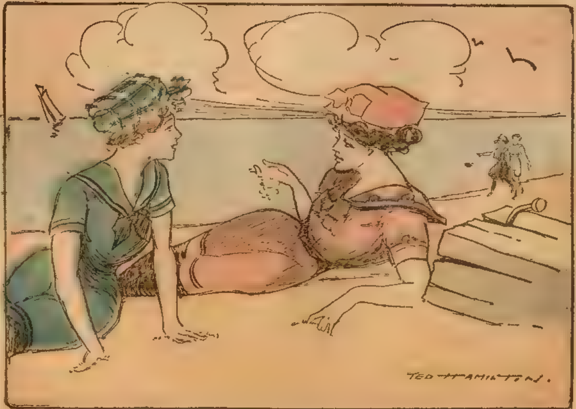
"Bliggins isn't very lucky in driving bargains."

"No. He says he can't even change his own mind without getting the worst of the deal."

Sure Test.

Ted—How can I tell whether she loves me?

Ned—When you call on her notice whether she sets the clock forward or backward.


TED HAMILTON.

Sue—I bought a lovely book on swimming today, and a very useful one, too.

Lou—What is it like?

Sue—Well, if you ever find yourself drowning, by turning to pages 88 and 89 you will find complete instructions for saving yourself.

Make Your Own Lager Beer

24 Full Pint Bottles Free.

Make Your Own Lager Beer In Your Own Home At Less Than Seven Cents Per Gallon.

You can brew the beer right in your own home and in a few minutes make enough to last you for weeks. This is real, genuine hop and malt beer, wholesome, nourishing, appetizing and pure. You can make it just as good as St. Louis or Milwaukee beer, no experience is necessary. I have thousands of letters from satisfied customers. One writes: "A few words in regard to your Beer Extract. There is nothing to beat it in the color and taste and it foams like champagne. Many of my friends pronounce its flavor as something extraordinary. We look for it as a refreshment far better than the bottled beer and it is like a punishment to be without it as it is the only kind we use since I got the first can from you. We do not know how to praise it most." The above is Testimonial 12824. Name and address gladly furnished on request.

Fill out the following coupon today enclosing 20 cents in stamps or silver to help pay cost of packing and postage, and I will send you a sample can free, enough to make 24 full pint bottles. I will also tell you just how to make it. Your money back if you are not satisfied.

FREE SAMPLE COUPON.

This entitles you to a free trial can of Braumeister Beer Extract, the original and only genuine, enough to make 24 pints, also free instructions how to make it. Simply fill out your name and address on blank lines below, mail to Henning Wennersten, Brewmaster, 888 Wennersten Block, Chicago, Ill., enclosing 20 cents in stamps or silver to help pay cost of packing and postage. Your money back if not satisfied. AGENTS WANTED.

Name ....

Address ....

City .... State ....

If above space is too small use a slip of paper.

Accept this $25 suit

One of many Styles

YES FREE—our outfit sent you at once with our *new* most remarkable easy money-making offer-with *your* extra sample suit offer too. Be swell dressed, and backed by us in spare time or all time as our representative in your exclusive territory. No money or experience necessary. No references or red tape. Your best chance is here if you write postal quick. Our offer means

$5 Per day easy or $30 to $50 a week

We trust you absolutely. Just show Our Big Outfit of Samples and Color Plates of latest beautiful styles. Everything sent *Express Prepaid*. Your friends will grab at this chance to get our perfect hand tailored made-to-measure swellest suits, pants or overcoats. They'll save $3 to $15. Suits $8.00 up. Biggest profit and confidential special inside wholesale prices to you. Fit, workmanship and material Guaranteed by Bond. Finest in America for style, looks and wear. Undersell all others.

Sample Suit Just for you. Everthing in FREE To You OUTFIT

SEND NO MONEY *No experience or capital needed.*

You want this sure. Don't miss it. We want you. We back one man this way to each territory. Get in quick. No risk. We help and show you. Chance of life to get best clothes - make most money. Keep it to yourself. Hurry postal today. Great Central Tailoring Co. 705 Jackson Blvd. CHICAGO - ILL.

PUNCTURES REPAIRED FREE BICYCLE TIRES

CLOVERLEAF BRAND FIXITFREE TIRES, are nearly perfection or we could not afford this guarantee, 99 per cent of the value in a tire cannot be seen you cannot judge a tire by the looks all look alike except the tread design which has no value nor merit, only fancy. Wearing and puncture resisting qualities are what count. This is the service you are willing to pay for TROUBLE SAVING, this is what we offer you. On usual guaranty you receive nothing in this direction, but unkept promises and "Hot Air."

Our Guaranty covers the unseen, the unknown parts, guarantees you the year's tire service WITHOUT EXTRA COST to you. All punctures and other repairs MADE FREE or replaced with new tires, without charge, regardless of what or who is at fault. No questions, we simply do it. Local Dealers handling this brand of tires can do the same. INSURANCE TAG ATTACHED TO EACH TIRE. This special introductory price now. Order early give size wanted. Catalog Free.

Agents Wanted THE VIM Chicago, Ill. Des Moines, Iowa Minneapolis, Minn.

CLOVERLEAF BRAND $5.85 PER PAIR WE PAY EXPRESS FIXIT FREE

I TREAT EYES FREE

for 15 days. No pay if not Satisfied. Am curing Weak Eyes, Granulated Lids, Sore Eyes, Cataract Schams. Eye Diseases. Will send Remedies and Eye Cup by mail to all sufferers. Write Dr. W. O. COFFEE, Dept. 364, Des Moines, Ia.

THE BLACK HORSE QUEEN;

Or, THE MOUNTAIN EXILES

By WILLIAM H. MANNING

A coil of new rope.

[Copyright 1911 by W. D. Boyce Co.]
Begun in No. 14, April 8. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XVI.
THE PATHOWICK TRAIL.

AN UNEVEN stretch of fairly passable ground that lay thread-like in a confusion of rocks; a double wall of natural cliffs and uplifts of all heights from five feet to five hundred; a way that was, however, sometimes a ribbon, deep, dark and forbidding; a tramping of shod feet, a rattle of chains, a creaking of swing-bars and harness, an occasional shout and jest of some man—this was the Pathowick trail, with one of Keller & Park's express trains of canvas-topped wagons and sturdy mules, bound from Totman City to Bushwood. It was the trip east, and half of the dozen vehicles were empty.

Suddenly there was a halt at the front.

"Bridge gone!"

The news was wafted rearward, and all the mules were checked and the drivers, alighting, grouped at the front.

"Confounded strange!" cried the trainmaster. "I would almost as soon have thought of the cliffs tumbling over as that bridge going down. Here, Jake, Dan—all of you!—let's have a look at the thing!"

They looked, and then fell to work on repairs. Two hours were lost before they had mended the way.

"That means that we shall not halt at dusk, tonight," announced the leader. "We've got to make Skinner's Pocket for camp, as usual. No matter, a couple hours' pull by starlight will do us good. Forward!"

Again the beat of feet, the rattle of chains, the creaking of swing-bars and harness, and the train was progressing through the pass. The little that was left of day passed, and the mules plodded on under clear but moonless sky, and in semi-darkness.

On the seat of the seventh wagon of the long line a straight, cleanly-built, muscular driver sat alone and, idly holding the reins, meditated on matters of interest to him. He was conscious that his quadrupeds walked before him, but his thoughts were elsewhere. He saw a secret valley, a hermit people, a maiden fair and good, and it was a picture that appealed deeply to him—for the driver was Leland Dale, sometime physician and sometime Hillman novitiate, and he was on the Pathowick trail.

He had waited at the Haven until Eldad Kendall and the Harneys were out of danger and Thomas Hooper was on the road to recovery, and then, as no new cases of fever appeared, he had left the medical department to Oliver Rudd and started on his venture.

Leaving the refuge, he successfully passed near Shagfoot and then traveled west for two days. This took him to Totman City. Luck favored him there, and he engaged as mulewhacker for Keller & Park as he had planned.

And now he was on his way to Bushwood, whence he hoped to go to Fort Haidley and beseech the help of Major Francis.

The way from Shagfoot to Totman was where there was the least danger from the valley people, and, though he had, at Giles Leedron's behest, been ever alert, he had seen no enemy. Still alert, he expected no trouble on the Pathowick trail, for it did not seem possible to him that the enemy of the Hillmen could identify him as a friend of the hermit people.

Now, however, they were on the trail opposite Mount Taber, and ceaseless precautions were necessary, yet Leland dreamed with his eyes open and found pleasure in it. Queen Sylvia was now more than a casual part of his life. They were formally pledged to each other, and Jabez Roebuck had consented that they should marry when opportunity occurred. Now, Leland thought of Sylvia—and then abruptly aroused.

The Pathowick trail was no place for day-dreaming. It was too near the stamping-ground of the valley people. He became intensely vigilant.

"Get up, mules!" he cried cheerfully. "Gid-up, gid-up!"

Four sets of ears were flapped and four tails slashed at air, and the animals tightened the traces a trifle more as the wagon struck rising ground. The way was so narrow that two vehicles could not go abreast, and the side-cliffs often so high that the darkness was pronounced.

There was a new noise from the rear, and then a complaining voice from the eighth wagon.

"Wheel off, by Jericho! Now, what's done that? Looked to them axle-nuts, myself, at Totman!"

Leland peered back. His fellow-driver seemed to be hunting for the [illegible], and all the wagons behind were [illegible] by the one that was in trouble. Leland's mules flapped on and he let them go. A curve, a climb, a press of cliffs, and then, except for the vehicles ahead, the doctor-driver could see nobody. Yet, he watched like a panther on hunt.

Presently he thought he heard a sound in the blackness under the canvas of his wagon. He was about to turn his head when a man appeared on the ground by the off front wheel.

"Got a mouthful o' tobacco, partner?" he asked.

"Yes," returned Leland lightly, "and charity for those who suffer for the weed. Here you are, partner!"

He leaned forward, tobacco in hand, but just then something from the interior of the wagon fell upon his head and he tumbled from the seat. The patient mules jogged on, climbing the trail steadily, but the reins lay slack and there was no driver on the box. All this was unknown to Leland Dale, who was insensible before he touched the earth.

Unconsciousness was very brief. He came back to life to find himself borne in the arms of two men, and with this discovery came full realization of his misfortune. His mind was clear, and energy took hold of every nerve.

Thirst for battle and liberty came with that energy.

His arms were pinioned by the grasp that was upon him, but he knew he was not tied. Minutes were precious in that emergency, and he lost no time in acting. A squirm, a struggle, and he was on his feet; a sweep of his left lower leg and one of the men staggered and nearly fell. Leland reached for the revolver that had been at his belt and found the belt empty.

"Don't wait!" exclaimed the second man. "Now!"

The doctor understood that order. He aimed a blow at the speaker, but it was neatly warded off. Then he found himself in a grapple with his two foes.

"Do it now!" came the same voice that had sounded before; but Leland struck again, and this time he reached his mark.

One of the men reeled back, hard hit. The advantage was lost as Leland was himself beaten back by a blow, and then he was tripped. The second of the two bent over him and a knife glistened, but the doctor writhed to one side and was again saved.

It had been a silent fight, but the stillness was suddenly broken. Two revover shots sounded in unison, and the crouching man fell upon Leland. He was up like a flash, and something of alarm-breeding nature seemed to meet his eyes and those of his companion. Both turned and fled to the cover of the rocks.

Leaping to his feet the doctor saw two other persons. They were hurrying toward him.

"Friends, Dale, friends!" cried a ringing voice. "You know me. It is all over, but we've got to run. Half a dozen other fellows are behind us, and they are of the same gang. Run!"

"The Bishop!" gasped Leland.

"John Reddington, at your service, and another friend. Hurry—there's no time to lose!"

The doctor had kept his wits in the greater crisis, but it was bewildering to see the Bishop there. He could not understand, but he ran willingly. Reddington gave his help with arm and tongue, cheering him up and directing him.

Voices sounded behind them, and they knew several men were coming like pack-hounds in full cry, but the fugitives slipped through a rocky crevice here and a wooded avenue there and, at last, they stood alone and unmolested.

"Not a sound from them!" quoth the Bishop. "Outrun, old man!"

"All due to your skillful guidance——"

"Hardly that. I don't know a rod of the way here. Providence led us!" asserted the Bishop.

"Anyhow, I owe much to you, and to——"

Leland turned to his second companion. He had seen that that person was slight but boyish. Now, his eyes questioned the youth's face to discover his identity, and—the doctor stood dumfounded. A moment he was without words; then he gasped

"Sylvia—and here!"

"You! don't blame me!" she cried nervously. "I couldn't help it! I feared for you; I came!"

"There you have it, Dale!" exclaimed Reddington, his voice ringing. "I am here because I was on my way to see if the new settlers near Ackerside range wanted a pastor. Queen Sylvia, clad like a boy, made my acquaintance at Totman, and we journeyed in the rear wagon of the train with the other citizen travelers."

Dale had known that citizens accompanied the train as had been said, but he had seen none of them, and, wholly surprised, he had no words when the Bishop ended.

"You are silent!" murmured Sylvia. "Oh! I hope you don't blame me! But when you left the Haven I could not stay and think of you in peril, so I purloined Siles Lock's suit and went where you went. Yes, I dogged you to Totman City, and then—I found Mr. Reddington and came with the express. But if you blame me——"

"Heaven forbid!" cried Leland his voice shaking. "I am overwhelmed by what you have dared. Blame you? A thousand times, no!"

"Doctor," added the Bishop, "I cannot fail to read what this means. I see that your stay in the Haven—Queen Sylvia has told me of that—has borne fruit, and I am heartily glad. I congratulate you, and—may Providence bless you!"

Leland had taken Sylvia's hand and talked to her in a clasp that was eloquent. He added words, also, and her fears of his displeasure vanished.

"But," he suddenly added, "we shall lose the train——"

"Better that than to lose your life!"

"It's gone! gone!"

exclaimed Reddington. "The hills are full of your foes. Dale, I can see that it was their plan to waylay you in the darkness. How did that bridge go down? How did that wheel come off? They did both, and they got at you in the dark, with the train in motion. They are bound to have you. Comrade, if you will defer going to Fort Haidley, I'll postpone going to Ackerside range. Take my advice! We stand on the side of

AFTER
7 YEARS
SUFFERING

I Was Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Waurika, Okla.—"I had female troubles for seven years, was all run down, and so nervous I could not do anything. The doctors treated me for different things but did me no good. I got so bad that I could not sleep day or night. While in this condition I read of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and began its use and wrote to Mrs. Pinkham for advice. In a short time I had gained my average weight and am now strong and well."
—Mrs. SALLIE STEVENS, R. F. D., No. 3, Box 31, Waurika, Okla.

Another Grateful Woman.

Huntington, Mass.—"I was in a nervous, run down condition and for three years could find no help.

"I owe my present good health to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier which I believe saved my life.

"My doctor knows what helped me and does not say one word against it."
—Mrs. MARI JANETTE BATES, Box 134, Huntington, Mass.

Because your case is a difficult one, doctors having done you no good, do not continue to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. It surely has cured many cases of female ills, such as inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, and nervous prostration.

RIEGER'S
Pure Monogram
WHISKEY
Send For Free Price List
Express Prepaid
4 Full Quarts
Rieger's Monogram Extra Fine $3.00
8 Full Quarts
Rieger's Monogram Private Stock $5.00
FREE two sample bottles, gilted glass and corkscrew with every order.
Over 100,000 customers appreciate our whiskey and acknowledge that it is far the best ever distilled. For smoothness and mellowness of flavor it cannot be equaled. Money refunded if whiskey is not perfectly satisfactory. Order today.
J. RIEGER & CO.
1656 Genesee Street,
Kansas City, Mo.

DON'T CUT OUT
VARICOSE VEINS
But reduce them, stop pain and inflammation with
[illegible]
A mild, safe, antiseptic, discutient, resolvent liniment, and a proven remedy for this and similar troubles. Mr. R. C. Kellogg, Becket, Mass., before using this remedy, suffered intensely with painful and inflamed veins, they were swollen, knotted and hard. He writes: "After using one and one-half bottles of ABSORBINE, JR., the veins were reduced, inflammation and pain gone, and I have had no recurrence of the trouble during the past six years." Also removes Goitre, Painful Swellings, Hydrocele, Varicocele, Bruises, "Black and Blue" discolorations, etc., in a pleasant manner. Book 7 F free. Price $1.00 4-oz., $2.00 12-oz. bottle at druggists or delivered.
W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 337 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

STEM SET STEM WIND
WATCH RING & CHAIN FREE
FOR SELLING POST CARDS
We positively give FREE a STEM WIND, STEM SET, BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED, PLATED WATCH, equal in appearance to Solid Gold Watch, American made, guaranteed 5 years, and a beautiful Ring set with an Im. Diamond, for selling only 20 packages of beautiful high grade art post cards at 10c a package. Order 20 packages, and when sold, send us $2, and we will positively send you the Watch, Ring and Chain.
CLARE WATCH CO., Dept. 617, Chicago

Mount Taber—make a beeline for the refuge, and try your luck again when you may possibly have clear way. The Pathowick trail is alive, tonight, and the foe are between us and the train."

Leland had been thinking while Reddington talked, and his decision was already made. For Sylvia's sake he must return to the Haven.

"I will score one for the valley people," he returned, "but they will later score one for me. Although I expected to pass through the Pathowick trail successfully, I took the precaution to write a letter to Major Francis, the man I wanted to see; and it is with the trainmaster. Word will go to Fort Haidley that the troops are needed here."

"Will they come?"

"Let Francis once have occasion to scout hereabouts and he will not forget me or the refugees. Francis is a sympathetic man."

Leland turned more fully to the summit of the range.

"We lose valuable time here. Let us all go. Come!"

They went, with Sylvia and Leland arm in arm, and the Bishop as advance guard. He knew nothing of the way, and they were equally at a loss, but the general direction was clear, and it became a struggle with ridge, ravine, canyon and defile. As yet, no enemy was heard in the rear.

After a long, weary effort they came out on a ledge a hundred feet square that lay level and peaceful in the starlight. Reddington halted and his companions were equally glad to rest. He had heard them speaking in low tones, and, with natural delicacy, had tried not to hear anything, yet sometimes he had heard, and he was not surprised at what followed.

"Bishop," said Leland, "you are still a minister of the church?"

"By the mercy of Providence, doctor, I am."

"I have a favor to ask. Will you, here and now, marry me and Queen Sylvia?"

"Gladly, good friend, and my blessing shall go with the ceremony, but what about witnesses?"

"None are here, and we will call the ceremony a sort of extra-betrothal. We will have the public marriage later, and I trust you will officiate. Even if witnesses were here, I have no house at the Haven. Possibly, when we arrive at the refuge, we shall tell only Jabez Roebuck of this. But, Bishop, beset by dangers as we of the Haven are, it will be a great comfort to me to know that Sylvia is mine, and that I have a semi-legal as well as a loyal right to protect and care for her."

"My full sympathy is yours, friends. Let me say now that if I can for a year abstain from strong drink, Janet Bague will be my wife. The delay is not her demand, but mine. Yes, let me make you one."

And so, on the starlit mountain, John Reddington pronounced the words that made them man and wife. This done, he wished them great good fortune, his voice shaken with sincere emotion. At a strange time and place Leland and Sylvia had united their fortunes for life.

Five minutes later they again heard their pursuers in the rear.

"Forward, forward!" urged Reddington. "If we are overtaken it will be a fatal encounter. Follow me!—hasten!"

CHAPTER XVII.

THE ROPE THAT TALKED.

It was two days later, and Leland Dale was in Giles Leedron's house with the chief and Jabez Roebuck. The night of the adventure on the Pathowick trail the fugitives had successfully eluded their pursuers, and, aided by a pre-arranged call, had been admitted by the Hillmen watchers. The previous solitary flight of Sylvia to join Dale on the trail had let consternation loose in the Haven, but her safe return brought the old quiet.

Now, seated with Leedron and Roebuck, the doctor made known what was most in his mind.

"The Pathowick trail has failed me," he said, "but it is not the only way to civilization. What about the old Loraway trail?"

"Practically deserted by travelers," responded the chief.

"Why can't I try my luck on that road?"

"No, no!" was the hasty answer. "It is more dangerous than the Pathowick. A sub-village of the valley people has sprung up in a valley that bisects the Loraway. Anyhow, that train is accursed. A few years ago there was a massacre there, and a wagon-train of innocent emigrants was wiped out. You can guess who did it."

"That reminds me! Mr. Roebuck, the morning after you were rescued from the prison in Shagfoot, a knife was found which, according to one of the miners, was once the property of a certain Simeon Case who was killed in the Loraway massacre."

"I am not surprised!" put in Leedron calmly. "No doubt it was dropped by the same man who felled you, and he was unquestionably one of the valley people. It associates the massacre a trifle more certainly with them."

"So it does," agreed Dale, and, preferring not to tell the chief that some of the more headstrong miners had tried to turn the evidence of the knife against the Hillmen, themselves, he dropped the subject once and for all time. That Leedron had guessed the truth was very clear.

"I am disappointed," added the doctor, "to learn that I cannot try the Loraway trail, but so be it. My letter to Major Francis is on its way, or already with him. We shall hear from him in some manner."

Neither Leedron nor Roebuck replied. For eleven years they had cherished hope after hope, only to see them fail. When they saw rescue in sight it would be time to feel confidence.

Leland had fallen into thought. For several minutes he let his companions do the talking, and then he spoke again.

"Friends," he said slowly, "don't think me a boaster, but I have been reputed a good surgeon, as well as doctor. There is need of surgery in the Haven."

"Who needs it?" asked the chief, starting.

"Mother Sarah!"

The Hillmen looked at their associate and said nothing.

"Ten or eleven years ago," pursued Dale, "she received a wound of the head that made her what she is. Almost all of her faculties remain, and she is a bright, neat, attractive woman, but her past, and some few faculties, are lost to her. Ever since I came here I have studied her closely, and I have examined her head. I am confident that a bone of the fractured skull is pressing on the brain, and that if the hurt be reopened and the bone lifted, full recovery will follow. I want you to think this over for a few days. Remember, too, that I have ample supply of surgical instruments with me."

Leedron and Roebuck, dumfounded by what they regarded as the boldness of this suggestion, sat silent for several seconds. Then Jabez rallied.

"Remember, too, what Dale has done for the fever-stricken folks!" he exclaimed.

There was further discussion, and then, as Leland wished, the matter was left unsettled. Half an hour later the doctor and Sylvia went for a walk. Their course was toward the south end of the Haven, and, absorbed in conversation, they did not pause until they were so far advanced that, remembering certain things, she grew startled.

"We are so near the extremity that, perhaps, we might be shot across yonder canyon!" she exclaimed. "Let us turn back!"

It was done, but they had gone only a few rods when they came upon a bear that was digging in a small thicket. Sight of him was a surprise to Sylvia, even after her memorable panther hunt, and it was a fright to bruin, who made off. But, passing near where he had dug, Leland discovered yet more. He went to the cavity, took hold of something partially seen there, pulled, and then—a coil of rope several hundred feet long lay before them.

They looked in surprise.

"Do the Hillmen keep rope in this way?" asked Dale meaningly.

"It is not theirs—it never has been!" she declared.

"But the rope is new! Although hidden under two feet of dirt, its newness has not been lost in the slightest degree."

"Oh! what does this mean?" she cried. "Our people have few ropes, and none that are long or new!"

"You say that a canyon is just back of where we stopped?"

"Yes."

"If that rope was secured above, and the free end dropped, foes could climb into the Haven!"

"What does it mean?" she repeated, her face pale.

"Let me study! This rope talks, and its language must be understood!"

Leland did study, and then he suddenly broke forth.

"Suppose," he suggested, "that men were on the opposite side of the canyon, with this rope in their possession. Then, suppose that, either by attaching a stone to one end and then hurling the stone, or by means of a catapult of some sort—I don't know how wide the canyon is—one end of the rope was flung across the gap. Next, suppose that somebody was on this side, and that somebody drew the rope fully across, and hid it where the bear kindly unearthed it. Lastly, suppose that, later, the free end was dropped—why, then, foes could ascend!"

"But who here would do that?" Sylvia gasped.

"Not one of our own people. My dear girl, don't look so white. We will master this problem and master our foes. See, you! While Thomas Hooper has lain in bed Master Peter Brown has gone here, there, whence and hither, and his face has radiated sweetness and his lips dripped honey—but his eyes have been boring gimlets, and I am now ready to believe that his hands have stirred a brew of mischief. It has been supposed that he was fairly well watched, but Peter has more real sharpness than all his attendants. Far be it from me to wrong the lad, but if he did not receive this rope from our foes in the valley, and then hide it for a certain duly-arranged occasion, then looks lie. And if Peter dropped this rope, later, our foes would come up!"

"But, Leland, if that was the scheme, why was it not acted on before?"

It's Easy To Pay—The Peoples Way For Everything You Need In Your Home

We trust you privately—confidentially—just the same as a merchant gets credit when he buys in wholesale quantities. He pays when he gets the money and you can do the same. Buy everything you need now and pay a little each pay-day—when you get the money. It's the only real way to buy home furnishings, because you get better goods, and you have plenty of time to examine them, to try them, to use them, and prove that our **Gold Medal Brand** is the finest furniture in the world, and that the low prices cannot be equaled anywhere. Prove it all to yourself with the goods in your home—while you owe us the money. Everything is carefully and clearly explained in

Our Big Free Easy-Way-to-Pay Book

Send for it today—it's a wonderful catalog, the greatest ever published, and contains over 5,000 photographic reproductions of most extraordinary bargains. Spread this great feast before your eyes, call in your family and together make your selections quietly and without suggestion, or outside influence. Rugs and Carpets are shown in Actual Colors in this Big Book.

EDISON Sewing Machine
The World's Best
$2.50 Cash—$1.00 a Month

You MUST See Our Book Before You Buy

It's only fair to your family that you learn how much we save you and how much lower our prices are than any other concern's. Reason it out for yourself. Michigan is the world's greatest furniture producing State—all dealers and mail order houses come here to buy. Now we will sell to you just exactly as low as we sell to the dealer, thus saving you at least 25%, and in many cases 40% on everything you buy.

Let Us Help Fix Up Your Home

We want to be of real assistance—in this way. Instead of waiting and saving a long time until you get all the money you need, or instead of drawing money out of the bank, open an account now on our **easy way to pay plan.** Buy all you want at once—take over a year to pay in small installments that you will never miss from your income.

It is easy to understand how we became the largest house furnishing concern in the world as soon as you see our catalog with its marvelous values. 600,000 people are benefiting by these bargains now—you should join the army of satisfied customers at once—we will make money for you.

Sultan Brussels Rug, 9 x 12 Feet, $1.50 Cash—75c a Month

This Turkora Leather Rocker 75c Cash—50c a Month

30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL We ship everything on approval. You have thirty days to decide whether or not our bargains are the best you ever saw, and we are willing to return all money and pay freight charges both ways if the merchandise does not convince you.

There Is No Question About Your Credit We will trust you, that's our business; trusting all the people all the time for everything needed in the home. Furniture, carpets, rugs, sewing machines, go-carts, washing machines, stoves, organs, pianos, watches, jewelry, etc.—all sold on easy credit. Write your postal for the catalog today.

People's Outfitting Company, 237 E St., Detroit, Mich.

FREE Full Quart Bottle Good Old GUCKENHEIMER Pure Rye FREE
Bottled in Bond Since '57

A COMPARATIVE TEST AT OUR EXPENSE

To prove that our **Kellerstrass 100-Proof Straight Kentucky Whiskey** has no superior for purity, strength and flavor, we are going to give away, absolutely free, for a comparative test, one full quart bottle of **Good Old Guckenheimer Pure Rye, Bottled In Bond.** Our offer:

4 FULL QUART BOTTLES KELLERSTRASS 100-Proof, Straight Kentucky Whiskey
1 FULL QUART BOTTLE GOOD OLD GUCKENHEIMER, Bottled In Bond, Pure Rye Whiskey (for a Comparative test) FREE—5 FULL QUARTS IN ALL—
$3.10

EXPRESS PREPAID

We select **Guckenheimer** for this test because it is regarded as the standard of all bottled in bond whiskies. Judge for yourself, after trying both, whether it will comparr with **Kellerstrass 100-Proof Straight Kentucky Whiskey.** Your opinion is what we value. Kellerstrass is not a blend, not an imitation, but a straight whiskey of such purity and strength that when mixed with an equal quantity of water, you still have a whiskey sufficiently strong for any use; and at the price we offer it, 4 quarts, express prepaid, would cost you only $1.55. Test our **Kellerstrass Whiskey** in any way you choose. Your money back **promptly** if not absolutely satisfied. Remember, the full quart bottle of **Guckenheimer** is free—it does not cost you a penny extra! Only one order on this extraordinary special offer will be shipped to any customer. Better not delay. Order today.

KELLERSTRASS DISTILLING CO., Branch 47 St. Louis, Mo.

BIG SPECIAL SHOE CATALOG FREE

WRITE TO-DAY FOR OUR BIG, FREE, SHOE CATALOGUE. It describes, illustrates and price-lists, a mammoth, half-million dollar stock of fine made shoes for men, women and children, for all purposes, for all climates. Our shoes are the best, finest and most durable in the world. They comprise the cream of the shoe market possess faultless style, perfect finish, fit as smoothly as a glove and are as easy to wear as a slipper. Every pair made from choicest leather by expert shoemakers.

LADIES PATENT OXFORD $1.00

TAN AND OXBLOOD SHOES Men's..$1.50 Ladies' 1.10

WE UNDERSELL EVERYBODY. No one can meet our prices. Women's low cut or high shoes, 98c; women's patent leather high shoes, $1.35; women's patent leather low cut or sandals, 98c; women's heavy shoes, $1.19; men's shoes, $1.25; men's patent leather shoe's $1.69; men's patent leather low cut shoes, $1.50; boys' shoes, $1.00; misses' and children's shoes, 50c; infants' shoes, 15c; and a full line of rubber, sportsmen's and athletic footwear at half your shoe dealer's prices. Order from this ady, sending price and width of shoe worn, or WRITE TODAY FOR OUR BIG, FREE SHOE CATALOGUE, see our beautiful styles, our astonishingly low prices and wonderful liberal terms and guarantees, by which we send shoes entirely at our risk, subject to your approval **JOHN M. SMYTH CO.** 150-207 W. Madison St. **CHICAGO**

Seven Ruby Jeweled $3.50

20 Year Guarantee

It seems impossible but we mean just what we say. A genuine full seven ruby jeweled watch for $3 50. Elegant double hunting extra quality gold finished case, handsomely engraved. Genuine 20 year guaranteed full seven ruby jeweled nickel damaskeened movement, enamel dial with Roman or Arabic numerals, quick train lever escapement, stem wind and stem set, a perfect timekeeper. **SEEING IS BELIEVING.** Send this advertisement to us with your name, post office and express office address and we will send this wonderful watch to you by express for examination. You examine it at your express office and if satisfactory pay express agent our bargain price $3 50 and express charges and it is yours. State whether you want a **man's watch** or a **ladies' watch** and order today as this advertisement may not appear again. **SPECIAL NOTICE.** In ordering this watch you take no risk whatever as we guarantee absolute satisfaction or money refunded. Order today. Address **R. E. CHALMERS & CO., JEWELERS, 356 Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.**

"Various things might figure, chief among which would be a desire to lull our fears until we were off our guard. Also, the difficulty of acting, at once, unwatched—though Peter did get here, unseen. Also, Hooper's fever may have made delay. Still, all points considered, I should suggest that there was a set date, and that then, and not before, Peter was to drop the rope. How deep is the canyon there?"

"I only know that it is said to be hundreds of feet."

"Leedron told me that, in the past, efforts had been made to enter the Haven by drilling paths up the cliffs ——"

"Yes!" said Sylvia, laughing a little. "Once, about nine years ago, stonecutters labored for three months and made a way to the top of a cliff. It seemed to them that their triumph was come, but, once at the top, they walked our way fifty yards and found another canyon, as deep as the first, and they could neither go across nor down, so they retreated, and there has been no path-cutting up the precipices since."

"Yet it may have been resumed. I'll have a look here, be the risk what it may!"

He went, peered over into the gulf, and then came back, shaking his head.

"Only a sheer drop of hard stones," he reported, "but this rope could be lowered and then a rope-ladder could be raised. We will spike that little gun and hide the rope on our own hook. Come!"

At that moment, when Peter Brown was more than ever under suspicion, he was in his room, sitting near a fire that had been lighted to prepare medicine for Hooper, and was making a little brown dot on his curious pine stick. The work done he held the stick up to his companion's eager gaze.

"The calendar counts one more day!" softly uttered Peter.

"July twenty-ninth will soon be here!" responded Hooper, his eyes glowing.

"I shall be glad when it is over," murmured Peter. "I don't like this mountain. It is not such good air as in the valley. Today is hot, very hot!"

"I don't find it so. I am chilly."

"You are not yet fully well, Thomas. Disease has robbed you of vitality, though you will now improve rapidly. Really, the day is warm, very warm. I feel it!"

It was something more than the temperature of the air, which was not hot, that Peter felt. When, the next morning, Leland came to see how Hooper was progressing, he found the boy in the grasp of the fever. Even as Hooper had contracted the disease from Eldad Kendall, so had Peter taken it from his associate.

Now, the room had two patients—the man, feeble, debilitated, cold and not yet out of danger, and the boy, hot, parched, and laid low by the prevalent disease.

Dr. Hale took up the case conscientiously, and, though there was no great eagerness among the nurses, there was no lack of their help. Sylvia acted during the day, and, bedtime, Simon Rudd's wife undertook the night-watch. She was a well-meaning soul, but she had the sluggish temperament that often goes with an over-plus of flesh, and her care was not acute. It was this, too, perhaps, that made her oblivious to the fact that she had queer patients.

Hooper and Peter lay on separate beds, but where they could see each other readily. They improved the chance fully, and their eyes talked, though in a tongue wholly unknown to Mrs. Rudd. Hooper was all chill but his eyes, which were full of excitement. Peter was all fever including his eyes. And there they lay and watched each other and talked without words or motion—talked of other people, a cliff, a rope, and of a sworn purpose; and, filled with a great dread that their energies would not be equal to their will, wondered in painful silence what would happen on a certain day.

And young Peter hugged to his breast a pine stick with a white surface on which were marked sundry brown spots.

The hours passed and the night waned. Hooper, exhausted, had long before fallen asleep. Mrs. Rudd, finding a half hour in which neither patient was to take medicine, had closed her eyes to keep out the lamp-light. Closing them, she found the quiet peaceful and agreeable. Something else came upon her with seductive power. It was sleep, and it wooed and won her. Only Peter remained awake.

He cared nothing for this. Scarcely realizing that his nurse was false to her trust, and turning his back doggedly on his pains and the fever that burned his flesh, he meditated on the future.

Anon he heard a step outside, quick and light. He glanced toward the door and saw Mother Sarah enter. Tall, prim, spotlessly clean, and mild of face, she looked a hospital nurse and angel of mercy combined. Three others were there, but she practically saw only Peter. She went to his bedside.

But another saw her. Thomas Hooper, awakening just before she entered, looked, grew suddenly paler than before, stared with terror-filled eyes, and then, as she crossed the floor noiselessly, settled back and knew no more. Before fainting, his fears had supplied an unspoken thought:

"It is the ghost of Saul Prentice's wife!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BETRAYERS.

Mother Sarah bent over Peter. He looked into her face and smiled faintly. In a way he had enjoyed the occasions he had passed at the window of her house, and enjoyed the sound of her loom and the movement of her deft hands as she labored. Then, further, she had been so gentle that he had sometimes dropped his assumed ways in her presence and been himself, for he was influenced by her manner.

Now, she touched his burning forehead with her cool hand and spoke very softly.

"Is the poor laddie suffering?" she asked sympathetically.

"A little, Mother Sarah," he answered.

"Are they caring well for you?"

"I've had medicine and attention."

"But who bathes your head and fights the fever?"

"Sylvia did that, in the daytime, a little, though she didn't seem to care much. The other woman has forgotten me."

"And that has allowed the weeds to spring up! That will never do. Poor boy!—your head is so hot! What is this in the cup?"

"The first one is medicine I take; the other they bathe my head with."

"Left by the good doctor? Then I know what to do. Ah! I was once accounted good in sickrooms. We will see! Here, child, turn your eyes away from the light. Now, maybe I can soothe you."

She fell to bathing his flushed face.

"Ah! that broad forehead!" she added. "It looks so much like that of somebody I once knew. All chance, of course, for I never knew your folks. See!—we will drive away the fever-man and make you well."

Tears came unbidden to Peter's eyes. The teachings of years and the strength of over-ripe youth had, in a measure, been weakened by suffering, and now he forgot, for the moment, why he was in the mountain refuge. Only remembering that he was sick and miserable, and that a kind voice was sounding at his side, and that a woman with a gentle face and compassionate expression was bending over him and caring for him, the childhood that was his by right came back to him and he yielded to the pleasure of sympathtic attention in time of suffering.

"You are good, very good!" he murmured.

"Oh! the weaver-woman does not forget her boy at the window!" she replied softly.

"Your hands are so nice!" he added impulsively.

"They say I have magnetism in them. I shall be glad if I can put out the fever-fire. Anyhow, I hope so—you are such a good boy!"

Peter caught his breath a trifle.

"How do you know I am good?" he asked slowly.

"Can't I tell? It is marked on your face as if with a pencil. Oh! trust me for that. I have looked at you when you leaned on the windowsill, talking with the weaver-woman. Ah! when you get well we must see each other oftener. We will be good friends, and always friends!"

Peter closed his eyes. Thought rioted in his mind. The woman who was giving him this loving attention and these loving words was one of the Hill people, and he was in their refuge to—he set his teeth suddenly. He knew why he was there, and what would follow if he made a success of his work.

Mrs. Rudd slept on, unconscious of their presence. But they were under watch, for Thomas Hooper had come out of his swoon. He lay on his bed, glaring at them from a pallid face, his eyes like the eyes of a cornered rat. He no longer thought that he was looking at the ghost of Saul Prentice's wife. No voice was required to dispel that momentary delusion, for Hooper was not ignorant, but truth was as impressive as fancy.

He knew that he saw Saul Prentice's wife in the flesh. When Saul was butchered she had been found by his side, seemingly dead. Later, when men came with spades to finish the evil work, her body was gone. Its disappearance had been attributed to wild beasts with four legs, but light had dawned on Hooper after eleven years.

Saul Prentice's wife lived!

She lived, and the rat-eyes peered at her and the active brain back of them was busy and seething. She lived, and she was nursing Peter. There was something in that fact that banished Hooper's chill and made his blood leap almost as if fever had returned to him. He felt that he ought to do something, to end that unholy scene, to drive the nurse away before she could contaminate the patient.

But he remembered why he was on Mount Taber. Violence was not to be considered. Patience, patience!—that was the watchword of the hour. Peter did not know, and the woman did not know—they must never know! He would be wily and not alarm either of them.

And Peter was too strong-minded to give serious friendly thought to any of his nurses. So Hooper reasoned.

Presently Mother Sarah noticed a peculiar heaviness of her patient's eyes.

"Are you growing sleepy?" she asked gently.

"Yes."

"Perhaps I shall not be here when you wake. If they knew I came they would say I was too feeble, and would forbid me. But I will come again—I heard Mrs. Rudd agree to nurse you every night, and she is a dreadful sleepy-head.

Reducing the Waist Line in Both Sexes

Men and women with heavy, pendulous abdomens who wish to reduce them quickly and safely are usually advised to go in for certain tiresome twisting and bending exercises that, as a matter of fact, they should carefully avoid as being dangerous rather than beneficial.

A far better plan is to use the following three simple household remedies which can be obtained of any druggist at small cost, viz.; ½ oz. Marmola, ½ oz. Fluid Extract Cascara Aromatic, and 3½ ozs. Peppermint Water. These are mixed together at home and taken a teaspoonful after meals and at bedtime.

These three make a mixture that is not only perfectly harmless but actually quite beneficial to the system, regulating the digestion, purifying the blood, and clearing the complexion of pimples and blotches. Its chief and surprising benefit is in the rapid, natural manner in which it reduces the fat person to the normal, beautiful lines of a fine physique, it having been known to cause the reabsorption of as much as a pound of fat a day. Moreover, it does it symmetrically, so that no wrinkles or flabby skin are left behind. Strange to say neither dieting nor exercise are advised when this simple home recipe is being used, for it will produce results independently of either and so the patient is instructed to eat whatever he or she fancies and is also permitted to take things easy.

Don't Wear a Truss

FREE
TRADE MARK
STUART'S ADHESIVE
PLAS-TR PAD
PATENTED SEPT.12 1906

STUART'S PLAS TR PADS are different from the painful truss, being made self adhesive purposely to hold the rupture in place without straps, buckles or springs—cannot slip, so cannot chafe or compress against the pelvic bone. The most obstinate cases cured in the privacy of the home. Thousands have successfully treated themselves without hindrance from work. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—inexpensive. Process of cure is natural, so no further use for trusses. We prove what we say by sending you Trial of Plapao absolutely FREE. Write name on coupon and mail TODAY. Address—

TRIAL OF PLAPAO

PLAPAO LABORATORIES, Block 44, St. Louis, Mo.

Name ....

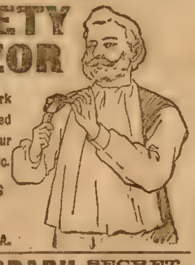
Address ....

Return mail will bring Free trial Plapao. ....

SAFETY RAZOR

Will do the work of any high-priced Safety and four blades, price 50c.

W. C. WATKINS
Box 1505,
PITTSBURGH, PA.



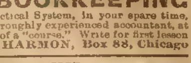
WETO GRAPH SECRET WRITING SYSTEM

Invaluable for lovers and for keeping recipes, addresses, secret memorandum or other information safe and private. No stranger can read your postals if you use the Weto Graph. Great fun for lovers or friends. Don't miss it. Send 10c and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address PENN PUBLISHING CO., PARNASSUS, PA.

A FORTUNE in pure-bred poultry; others make it; you can too. We start you with small capital. Most successful Poultry plant in the world. 45 varieties. THOUSANDS to choose from. Our BIG BOOK "PROFITABLE POULTRY" tells all. Sent for 4 cents.

BERRY'S POULTRY FARM, Box 124, CLARINDA, IOWA

BE AN ILLUSTRATOR— Learn to draw. We will teach you by mail how to draw for magazines and newspapers. Send for Catalog. School of Illustration, 77 Page Bldg Chicago, Ill.



LEARN BOOKKEEPING

A Complete, Practical System, in your spare time, direct from a thoroughly experienced accountant, at one-tenth the cost of a "course." Write for first lesson—FREE. JOHN HARMON, Box 88, Chicago

X-RAY CATHODOSCOPE. Latest pocket novelty. Everybody wants it. Apparently see your fellow or girl through cloth or wood. 35 cts, stamps or coin. B. KANO CO., Box 5403, Philadelphia, Pa.

PATENT secured or fee returned. Free examination. Booklet free. MILO B. STEVENS & CO., Estab. '64. 637 F Street, Washington; 855 Monadnock Block, Chicago

100 CARDS FOR 10 CENTS. Summer Girls! Mountains! Seashore! Fun! [illegible] Love Scenes! Flowers, Birthday etc. Gold, embossed etc. fine colors. STAR CARD CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

PLAYS Large List. Dialogues, Speakers Hand Books, Drills. Catalogue free T.S.DENISON & CO., Dept. 6, Chicago, Ill.

A Secret for Women in our Catalog of TOILET and NECESSARY articles send 2c stamp. Fairbank Supply House, J, 60 Wabash, Chicago

FREE Future told, also past. Send 6c and birth date. Prof. ReVere, 2703 Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

BOOKS Catalog for stamp. Duff Pub. Co. B-2713 N. Mozart St., Chicago, Ill

HEAVES CURED. Dr. Frank's Remedy Co., Detroit, Mich., tells how, FREE.

FOOD IN SERMONS

Feed the Dominie Right and the Sermons Are Brilliant.

A conscientious, hard-working and successful clergyman writes: "I am glad to bear testimony to the pleasure and increased measure of efficiency and health that have come to me from adopting Grape-Nuts food as one of my articles of diet.

"For several years I was much distressed during the early part of each day, by indigestion. My breakfast seemed to turn sour and failed to digest. After dinner the headache and other symptoms following the breakfast would wear away, only to return, however, next morning.

"Having heard of Grape-Nuts food, I finally concluded to give it a trial. I made my breakfast of Grape-Nuts with cream, toast and Postum. The result was surprising in improved health and total absence of the distress that had, for so long a time, followed the morning meal.

"My digestion became once more satisfactory, the headaches ceased, and the old feeling of energy returned. Since that time I have always had Grape-Nuts food on my breakfast table.

"I was delighted to find also, that whereas before I began to use Grape-Nuts food I was quite nervous and became easily wearied in the work of preparing sermons and in study, a marked improvement in this respect resulted from the change in my diet.

"I am convinced that Grape-Nuts food produced this result and helped me to a sturdy condition of mental and physical strength.

"I have known of several persons who were formerly troubled as I was, and who have been helped as I have been, by the use of Grape-Nuts food, on my recommendation." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

* * *

Hard Necessity.

"There goes a man who reads Laura Jean Libbey's press stuff every day."

"I shall go over and slap him on the wrist."

"Don't do it. The poor devil is a proofreader."

* * *

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

* * *

Slight Jolt.

"Yes," said the callow youth, "I always speak my mind."

"I've noticed," rejoined the matter of fact maid, "that you have little to say."

BOYCE'S EXCHANGE

To Buy, Sell or Exchange any kind of Real Estate or Personal Property advertise in Boyce's Exchange. Costs $1.85 per line for insertion in both the Blade and Ledger. Adv. Dept., 500 Dearborn Avenue, Chicago

ALCOHOLISM

LIQUOR HABIT — Guaranteed lifelong home cure. 3 days. Absolutely the only reliable. Book mailed free. T. J. Woods, 534 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

OBESITY TREATMENT

REDUCE YOUR WEIGHT. INTERESTING BOOK and Proof Treatment mailed absolutely free to any over-stout person. Quick, safe, reliable, lasting reduction, wonderful improvement in health and appearance. Dr. H. C. Bradford, 20 E. 22nd St., 9 C, New York, N. Y.

AUTO SCHOOL

LEARN AUTOMOBILE BUSINESS. HOME Lessons. $25.00 weekly job guaranteed. $10.00 weekly while learning. Rochester Auto School, 1610 Rochester, N.Y.

HELP WANTED

MEN WANTED FOR GOVERNMENT POSITIONS. Average salary $1,100. Annual vacations. Short hours. Send postal immediately for list of positions open. Franklin Institute, Dept. J-31, Rochester, N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS

180 ACRES, $3,400, PART CASH, Complete Equipment included; 36 head high-grade Jersey cattle, 4 horses and a fine set of farming machinery thrown in free with this splendid farm; rich loam fields, spring watered pasture, 800 cords wood and $1,000 worth standing timber; good fruit orchard; 800 sugar maples; 10-room house, telephone, big barn, silo, never-failing spring water, near neighbors, schools, mail delivered; to close immediately $3,400 takes all. Complete information and traveling directions to see this and two other 275 acre farms, with everything included, page 119, Strout's Farm Catalogue 34, which gives reliable information regarding railroads, schools, climate, soils, crops raised, markets, etc., throughout all the best farming districts of the East, just out, copy free. Station 3040, E. A. Strout, Old Colony Building, Dearborn & Van Buren Streets, Chicago, Ill.

(Continued from page sixteen.)

I will come again, but they shall not know it. Ah! we will have our little secret, you and I, and I will care for my laddie that comes to see me weave!"

"You are good, very good!"

Peter said it and he felt it, and for a time sleep retreated, but it came again, and he slumbered, and then Mother Sarah stole out, and when Mrs. Rudd awoke she did not suspect that another watcher had been there. Hooper pretended to have been asleep, too, thinking:

"If I make much of it the boy will think much. I'll not say a word. Peter will forget."

But the boy forgot nothing. Days came and went. He was miserably ill, but never as bad as his companion had been. Flighty-headed, at times, he generally managed to carry a fair amount of clearness along with events. He knew that he he was visited by Doctor Dale, and that Sylvia was usually with him by day, and that both were attentive, but he felt, instinctively, that they worked out of humanity, rather than from sympathy.

But the nights came, and Mrs. Rudd was at her post, and she fell asleep with regularity, and then came the tall woman with the gentle face, and the burning flesh of the sick lad was eased by soothing applications and the magic touch of the born nurse; and so the days and the nights passed and Mother Sarah kept her watch, and some strange chance protected her secret and her friends did not know of her visits to the bedside.

Peter was [illegible] to know of her care, but, otherwise, he was brain-lulled by the fever. In his wretched condition he was all selfish. He and his nurse made up his daily world. Occasionally Hooper addressed him and wanted to say more than he did, but the man's words and wishes fell on stony soil. Peter's disordered mind had room for what affected his physical being for good or ill, but for nothing else. Hooper was no more than a feather that floated in [illegible], and their mission to the mountain was utterly forgotten.

Days went their way. As soon as the boy's condition became serious Hooper had asked that the pine cane with the brown bands and dots be placed in his own bed. Securing it, he each day asked that a hot iron be handed him, ostensibly to heat a drink that he was to take warm; and when the iron was in his hands he made a fresh dot on the pine stick before he stirred the drink.

The calendar was perfect, but, as the twenty-ninth day of July approached, Peter was semi-delirious, and, with everything depending on himself, Thomas Hooper was still pitiably ill. He was recovering with extreme slowness, and his bodily strength was so low that he did not leave his bed.

There was no incubus on his mind. An unceasing fire burned there, a great zeal, a stubborn determination to do the work that had been set for the twenty-ninth day of the month. Something had been planned before he set foot on Mount Tabor; other men awaited his action, and the action was to occur at a given hour of that day, or, rather, of the night-time that preceded the day.

And Thomas Hooper expected to do that work. Bedridden, weak, and beset with nausea, he was yet resolved to do the task of one in strength. The grasp of the fever that had brought him almost to death's door had been nothing in comparison with the fanatic ambition that surged through his mind and dominated the days resistlessly.

He expected to do his work in defiance of weakness and death!

One night, when Mrs. Rudd watched, he took the wood-calendar and counted the dots under the lower band. They numbered twenty-eight. He had been watching the clock that stood on a shelf. When the hands passed the hour of twelve he asked the woman for the heated iron, and then, with shaking fingers, he furtively made an additional dot.

Twenty-nine, and it was the month of July!

Half an hour later Mrs. Rudd was asleep and Mother Sarah not come. Hooper crept out of bed and, swaying, looked at Peter. The boy slept. Hooper passed out of the house, and on through the village, and began the ascent of the higher land. He reeled and wavered, and it seemed almost a miracle that he could go as he did, but fanatic zeal conquered the flesh, and, painfully, stumblingly, but with stubborn resolution he went his way.

The night was clear, with a dim moon [illegible] and he experienced no trouble in finding his way. There was a needle-like rock in the refuge, with a thicket at its base, and often he had looked at the rock from a point just outside the Haven, where a deep canyon lay between. And once, when he looked Peter had been by his side, and he had [illegible] the boy. Neither could miss the [illegible] he knew Peter had once been there since they came to Mount Tabor.

On he moved, swaying, and once falling, but still advancing with dogged determination. Much of the way was over a level plain, [illegible] helped him, but it was slow, a painfully slow journey. Mentally he was [illegible], but the bodily frame was taxed almost to the breaking point.

But now, the rock! Tall, graceful, needle-like, it lifted its head and waited serenely, and the thicket at its base—ah! that, he knew, held a secret that meant power to others and deathless glory to himself.

He passed the rock and was by the thicket. He looked, and then his high hopes wavered and dreadful fear fell upon him. The earth, there was torn and upheaved, and he had expected to find it smooth and inconspicuous. His pale face became ghastly and his flesh seemed to shrivel. He dropped on his knees, and with his bare hands dug frantically at the cavity—dug, though with ever faltering hope and conviction of defeat; and dug until further effort would have been the folly of the witless.

Then he stood erect.

"Gone!" he gasped. "Gone, and they have found it, and taken it. We have been detected! All is lost! It—is—gone!"

He flung up his arms toward the grim sky and then fell in a heap in the hole before him. He lay there motionless.

Four men came from the opposite side of the rock and one bent over him.

"Is he dead?" asked a member of the quartette.

"Probably not. Overtaxed, he has fainted."

"And in the very place where they hid the rope. Doctor, it is judgment from on high!"

"Well, Leedron, it is a decisive stroke, anyhow."

Watched secretly from the time when the rope had been found, and, this night, dogged successfully, Hooper lay with Leland and the Hillmen standing over him, but the doctor suddenly stooped. Rising, he held something in his hand. It was the white-and-brown calendar-stick.

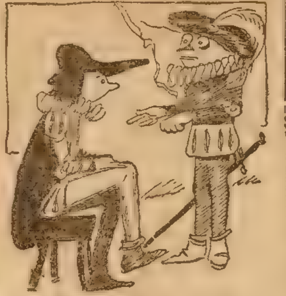
The conclusion of this highly interesting story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. Read it. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year.

* * *

Drawbacks of Society.

In a town of this size, the husbands of the "society" women have dress suits which they bought to be married in and have outgrown, but when an evening affair occurs, the "society" women stuff their fat husbands into the tight dress suits, and go. Then, at the party, all the married women get together, and tell what awful times they had getting their husbands into the dress suits. If there is a sound as of something tearing, every married woman turns as white as death; she thinks it is her husband's trousers. At a late evening affair a married couple came late, and the woman explained to a group of married women that at the last moment she had to put gussets in her husband's trousers, "and even with those gussets," she said, "he don't dare to sit down." Another woman said she buttoned her husband's vest with a button hook, and that he vowed he could not stand it, and threatened every minute to unbutton it. "If he does," she said, "we will have to go home early; I just can't get it together again."—Atlanta Constitution.

* * *



First Thespian—So the audience egged the leading man dangerously before I joined the show?

Second Thespian—Oh, yes; you see, these cold storage eggs didn't break as easily as the other ones.

* * *

Unfortunate Remark.

'One cannot be too careful in his remarks [illegible] occasions,' said a young clergyman, in speaking of a tour of inspection which he, in company with certain older divines, made of a certain penal institution.

'The leader of our little expedition, a truly good man, was so impressed by what he learned from the story of one young man, imprisoned for burglary, that he felt that he should offer him some encouragement of what kind he hardly knew. So, after many hems and haws, he delivered himself of the following:

"'Ah, my friend, we must not lose sight of the fact that we are here today and gone tomorrow.'

"'You may be, sir,' rejoined the burglar, 'but I ain't.'"

SPEAR Will Trust You Wherever You Live—Write For His Free Catalog

A Personal Word

The rich and prosperous class can always command the luxuries of life, but the average home lover needs the Spear System of Credit to the Nation. I want 1,000,000 families to say of me:—"He helped us to furnish and beautify our homes." I ask for no higher tribute to my life's work. Write for my Free Catalog.

Spear
Pittsburg

NO matter where you live, you can buy everything needed for the home from us on credit and on easy payments to suit your convenience. All you need to do is to mail us your name and address and we will at once send you, free, our Mammoth Home Furnishing Catalog, containing illustrations from photographs and full descriptions of thousands of articles in Furniture, Rugs, Carpets and Home Furnishings sold by us on long time, open account, easy credit terms.

Credit Buying Made Easy

With the aid of the Big Spear Bargain Catalogue you can select anything you want from hundreds of articles in
Furniture, Refrigerators, Washing Machines,
Carpets, Clocks, Springs,
Rugs, Sewing Machines, Mattresses
Stoves, Lace Curtains, and Bedding,
Ranges, Dishes, Go-Carts
We offer you a vastly larger and better stock than even the biggest city Stores, and you can make your selections right at home with your family at your elbow.

Pay When Convenient

Your Credit is good with us. Why not use it? Under our liberal open account, easy payment plan you can have every possible advantage in buying for your home possessed by the most favored and well-to-do shopper in the city stores. Our credit system is extended to honest people, everywhere, regardless of their income. You need not deny yourself any article of household comfort or luxury on account of a lack of ready cash. Select what you want from our Catalog, pay a little cash down and a little each month.

Our Prices Are The Lowest

While our credit terms are the most liberal in the country, yet our prices are the lowest. This is because of our immense purchasing power and enormous volume of sales. We buy goods in such vast quantities that we secure better prices than would be possible to smaller concerns, and by extending our business to tens of thousands of customers all over the country, we can afford to accept just one small added profit from each sale. We allow no store or factory on earth to undersell us. Just get our prices!

Take a Month To Decide

Anything you select from our Bargain Catalog will be shipped on approval. Keep the goods 30 days, then decide to buy or return at our expense. If not fully satisfied, the goods may be sent back at our expense and we will refund your money.

Big Rocker Bargain

A large, comfortable, solid oak Rocker with high wide back, fully tufted and buttoned. Seat is large and roomy, upholstered with high-grade black Sylvan leather over full steel springs and beautifully ruffled edge to match back. Construction is solid golden oak throughout, with high gloss golden finish. Wide arms, front posts of handsome design. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

Order No. C. W. 531
Price $4.95
Terms: 75c Cash With Order
Balance Payable 50c Monthly

A high color Brussels Rug, red rose design with either green or tan ground. No. CW 4602, 9x12 size, Price, $11.95 $1 50 Cash 75c per month

Price, complete, $11.65

A complete Bed Outfit consisting of heavy, well made Iron Bed, any color, 4 feet 6 inches wide, a good woven wire spring with coil supports a 50 pound cotton top mattress and two feather pillows. No. CW 201. Price, $11.65 —$1.50 Cash—75c per month

A full size, one motion Collapsible Go-Cart heavy rubber tires, all steel frame, and guards over wheels and high grade leatherette covering. Comes either in dark green or tan. No. CW 100, Price, $6.95. 75c Cash—50c per Month

SPEAR & COMPANY PITTSBURG PA. U.S.A. HOME PLAN FOR THE PEOPLE CO

Write For Free Catalog Today
SPEAR & COMPANY, Department 21P Pittsburg, Pa.

ART MILLINERY CATALOG FREE

WRITE TODAY FOR OUR BIG FREE MILLINERY CATALOG, the great delineator of the world's choicest millinery styles for Spring and Summer. It presents in finest halftones, scores of rich, beautifully trimmed hats for women, misses and children, exact copies of exquisite Paris styles, especially designed for us by famous milliners at a cost of $20.00 to $50.00 each. Our hats are bewitchingly chic and pretty, have distinct city style and possess the fetching dainty effect found only in genuine imported millinery. Our prices are less than half milliner's prices. We are headquarters for OSTRICH FEATHERS, FLOWERS and MILLINERY Trimmings at wholesale prices. Amazon plumes 65c up, Frenchcurl $1.65 up; full line of imported flowers and foliage, and beautiful ready-to-wear hats, children's hats, shapes and trimmings. Write for our millinery catalog to-day and see the new, beautiful styles for Spring and Summer.

$1.30 $2.05

START A MILLINERY STORE invest $25.00 and without experience earn from $15.00 to $25.00 a week. We instruct and advise you free. Write for Special Millinery Catalog containing full particulars. JOHN M. SMYTH CO. 150-207 West Madison Street. CHICAGO

SAVE $35.00

on a Buggy by buying direct from us. Why pay the retail dealers enormous profits when you can buy direct from us and save BOTH the Wholesaler's and the Retailer's profits? We save you $35.00 on a Buggy, $60.00 on a Surrey, $40.00 on a Farm Wagon. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Freight Paid

Warranted For Three Years.

Write for FREE Catalogue and Delivered Prices.

MUTUAL CARRIAGE & HARNESS MFG. CO., Dept. 10, East St. Louis, Ill.

All Kinds PLAY SUITS, FREE TO BOYS AND GIRLS

FREE ALL KINDS OF PLAY SUITS GIVEN AWAY FREE

FREE PLAY SUITS

I want every boy and girl to have their choice of any kind of play suit they may wish. I have made hundreds of boys and girls happy by giving them Indian Suits. Now I am going to do better than that, and furnish them with their choice of any of the following suits:

YOU CAN LOOK JUST LIKE A COWBOY, COWGIRL, INDIAN, INDIAN SQUAW, BRONCHO GIRL, SOLDIER, BUSTER BROWN, CLOWN.

These suits can be slipped on over your regular clothes, and I have them in all sizes, from 4 to 14 years. State your age, and I will send you a suit that will fit. Remember I will give you your choice of any one of these suits FREE, for distributing only 24 packages of my FAMOUS NOVELTIES at ten cents a package, on my Special Offer. Send your name and address for the novelties. I will trust you with it. When sold, send the $2.40 and I will send you your choice of any one of the Play Suits which you may select. I trust you with my goods. Address
C. M. BETTS, 649 W. 43d St., Dept. 1570, New York

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG,
SICK WOMEN WELL.

For over 40 years this celebrated remedy has been making women's lives happier—healthier—safer.

Many thousands of women have testified to its wonderful effect.

The "Favorite Prescription" is

THE ONE REMEDY that can be depended upon when there is any derangement of the distinctly feminine organism. It purifies, heals, soothes, builds up.

THE ONE REMEDY which absolutely contains neither alcohol (which to most Women is rank poison) nor injurious or habit-forming drugs.

THE ONE REMEDY which is so perfect in its composition and so good in its curative effects as to warrant its makers in printing its every ingredient, as they do, on its outside wrapper, verifying the same under solemn oath.

It is needed when backaches make life miserable—when a sickening, dragging, bearing-down feeling makes work a weary agony—when sick headache, nervous irritability, loss of energy and appetite indicate derangement of the womanly organism. It is a purely vegetable compound, being a glyceric extract from native medicinal roots and can not injure in any condition of the female system.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets help the effect of all other medicines by keeping the liver active and the bowels open. They regulate and strengthen Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Easy to take as candy. At all dealers—*get what you ask for.*

World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

AGED IN BOND
Detrick's Fine Old Whiskey
4 Full Quarts $2.50
Detrick's
Fine Old Whiskey
2 GALLONS $4.50
IN GLASS DEMIJOHN
Express Prepaid

THIS 2-GALLON DEMIJOHN OF RICH, AGED DETRICK WHISKEY $4.50

For Years This Liquid Joy Has Been Within The Happy Staves of Oak, Longing to Touch The Lips of Man.

A rare old whiskey—the finest stock we have ever put out at these wonderfully low prices. It is double copper distilled whiskey—absolutely pure. It has the imprisoned sunshine of the ripe grain from which it was made and the flavor that only the highest art of the distiller can produce. Aged in Government Bonded Warehouse in charred oak casks to produce the smooth, mellow flavor and healthful tonic properties that none but the finest of pure whiskies possess. Excellent for medicinal purposes.

4 FULL QUARTS $2.50 2 GALLONS IN DEMIJOHNS $4.50

Detrick Pays the Express Charges

The age and quality are guaranteed by us and it is sold with the understanding that money will be refunded if on test you do not find it the best whiskey, everything considered, you ever drank. The name **Detrick** stands for good, honest, well made whiskey. Every one who has tasted Detrick's quality is our reference. Buy whiskey direct from the Detrick Distillery if you want cost prices and full value for your money.

Important: These prices are only on the first order. We make absolutely no profit and only sell at these figures to induce a trial order and prove to you what a splendid liquor this is. A handsome Toast Jug filled with fine old whiskey included FREE on first orders.

Detrick Distilling Co., Dept. 23, Dayton, O.

Orders for and west of the Rocky Mountain states must be at the rate of 4 full quarts for $4.00; 2-gallon demijohn $6.00. We pay the express.

CASH OR CREDIT

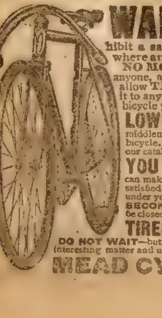
Catalogue FREE.

ONLY $10.00

Cash, balance $5 per month, buys this 3-year-guaranteed buggy. Buggies $29.50 up; Surries $45.00 up; Farm Wagons $40.00 up. We trust honest people located in all parts of the world.

Write For FREE CATALOGUE.

Century Manufacturing Co.,
Dep't 339 East St. Louis, Ill.



WANTED—RIDER AGENTS IN EACH TOWN and district to ride and exhibit a sample 1911 Model "Ranger" bicycle furnished by us. Our agents everywhere are making money fast. *Write at once for full particulars and special offer.*

NO MONEY REQUIRED until you receive and approve of your bicycle. We ship to anyone, anywhere in the U. S. *without a cent deposit* in advance, *prepay freight*, and allow **TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL** during which time you may ride the bicycle and put it to any test you wish. If you are then not perfectly satisfied or do not wish to keep the bicycle you may ship it back to us at our expense and *you will not be out one cent.*

LOW FACTORY PRICES We furnish the highest grade bicycles it is possible to make at one small profit above actual factory cost. You save $10 to $25 middlemen's profits by buying direct of us and have the manufacturer's guarantee behind your bicycle. **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone* at *any price* until you receive our catalogues and learn our unheard of *factory prices* and *remarkable special offer.*

YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED when you receive our beautiful catalogue and study our superb models at the *wonderful low prices* we can make you. We sell the highest grade bicycles at **lower prices** than any other factory. We are satisfied with $1.00 profit above factory cost. **BICYCLE DEALERS,** you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices. Orders filled the day received.

SECOND HAND BICYCLES—a limited number taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores will be closed out at once, at $3 to $8 each. Descriptive bargain list mailed free.

TIRES, COASTER BRAKE rear wheels, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, parts, repairs and everything in the bicycle line at **half usual prices.**

DO NOT WAIT—but write today for our *Large Catalogue* beautifully illustrated and containing a great fund of interesting matter and useful information. It only costs a postal to get everything. **Write it now.**

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. G-53, CHICAGO, ILL.

Conquest of the Moon.

(Continued from page eleven.)

"Luckily I wasn't lowered into that," he exclaimed. "A nasty place to drown."

The secret of the pool was quickly learned. A stream gushed out of the side of the chasm close at hand and supplied it. A hidden outlet kept it at a uniform height.

Lester loosened the rope from about him and filling the buckets signaled his party to draw them up. Thus for hours he toiled until in the fetid atmosphere he found his strength oozing away. Then, spent and panting he was hoisted to the surface.

Sweat-begrimed as he was, Virginia who all through the perilous toil had stood with tense face upon the crest of the abyss, caught his face in her hands and kissed him rapturously.

"My hero," she whispered joyously.

"Well, I think we can start now," he said faintly.

"We'd better start mighty quick," was the response of an aide, "before that crazy Frenchman kicks the airship to bits."

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE DIVE INTO THE SKY.

Slowly, relentlessly the poison of the moon-folk whom he had attacked was claiming Jeroc for its own. At first the paroxysms it caused were infrequent but they increased until the mechanician was in almost constant agony.

He begged for brandy and when a small draught was given him he ranted for more. Tied with strips into his berth, he became so violent that he kicked them all loose and stormed against the walls like a caged tiger.

The start earthward was made on the following night as soon as dusk had brought the great golden disc of the earth into view.

Standing at one of the windows, now all tightly sealed, Virginia waved her hand toward the dead sphere they were quitting and sighed:

"Good-by, old moon, dear moon. You have been good to us."

"And to think," put in the professor with a suspicious moistness in his eyes, "that we should happen up here in the very hour that the last trace of life on the moon expired."

"What a wonderful story it will all make," said the girl.

"You'll make enough out of it to more than redeem your jewels," said the professor. "They used to hound me with what seemed like fabulous prices for my views of the moon. What won't they give for the story of the moon as it actually is!"

Twenty-four hours later the dead sphere had been left fairly astern. The Virginia was acting just as satisfactorily as she had on the outward trip. The power was ample. The machinery worked without a jar. Lester was able to leave the operation of the ship pretty much to his assistants.

Along toward ten o'clock with the heavens about them a blue vault dazzling as with a myriad of flawless gems, Lester and Virginia sat at ease in the lounging room, when there came a roar as wild and terrifying as that of some trapped monster of the forest.

"Jeroc again," exclaimed Lester impatiently, "and evidently worse off than ever."

He rose to go to the delirious Frenchman's quarters but before he could take a half dozen steps there came a clatter of breaking furniture and then the crash of heavy glass.

The aviator burst into the stateroom where Jeroc had been confined but found it empty. The broken glass in the window, however, quickly told him what had happened.

He leaped to the window and glanced downward just in time to behold Jeroc, falling through space, disappear from sight.

Inured as he was to aerial disasters, this spectacle unnerved him.

"Falling through the heavens," he exclaimed. "My God, where will the poor cuss bring up?"

He sought out the professor and told him of Jeroc's dive.

"Well, of all things," gasped the astronomer. "That's certainly the first time a man from earth ever died that way. He's got millions, yes, trillions of miles to fall before he strikes a landing place."

The horror in the aviator's face took on a trace of skepticism.

"Oh, it's true," insisted the professor. "But the poor devil's dead long before this. The fall deprives him of breath. He expires of suffocation. And he'll quickly be incinerated. For the terrific speed of his fall will burn him up. In an hour or two probably, his body will have been resolved into gases."

Forty-two days later the Virginia, flying with all the ease and speed and smoothness displayed on the first day out, came again to earth.

It was cold but the moon-lit night in late autumn when the giant aircraft settled like a dove upon the lawn at the "Nookery," close to the spot from which the ascension had begun.

The world thrilled at the marvelous recital of the expedition which monopolized newspaper columns for days. In admiration hordes sought to pay honor to the intrepid aviator and his lovely fiancee but the happy pair slipped quietly away to the suburbs incognito and, sealing a clergyman's lips, were married.

Professor Jekyll stowed the diamonds away in the cellar of the "Nookery" and slept with them until he had arranged for their sale. Then he paid off the hands liberally, granted pardon to Tabor and hurried away to his Arizona observatory, his mind flooded with plans for his great new telescope.

When Lester and Virginia returned from their long honeymoon, they learned that John Dorgan had died of heart disease the night the airship set sail for the moon. There was also a memorandum from Professor Jekyll, informing them that their share of the fruits of the expedition was thirty million dollars.

"Faugh," exclaimed Lester, turning the paper over to his bride. "That's nothing at all. I got the dearest little wife in all the world out of it. That's enough for me."

And Virginia, nestling close to his shoulder, reached up and kissed him.

The end.

* * *

Back to the Auto.

No more will George T. Oliver, United States Senator from Pennsylvania, endeavor to mix with the common people.

Senator Oliver's determination to return to the luxury of an automobile is due to his discovery that all men look alike to the motormen of street cars in Washington. Senator Oliver's auto had not come to take him home, and he stood in the street stamping his feet in the snow and impatiently waiting for a car. Presently one came bowling down the street at top speed. He commanded the motorman to stop by raising his hand, and, never dreaming that his senatorial mandate would be ignored, prepared to get aboard.

The car slowed down just sufficiently to deceive the Senator, but the motorman was merely reducing speed a bit to get around a curve. Senator Oliver grasped the handle of the car, was promptly yanked off his feet, and the street was in a fair way of being swept of its snow by the immaculate clothing of the indignant Senator when that individual came to the conclusion that he could not get aboard the car without inviting the Legislature of Pennsylvania to name a successor to the late George T. Oliver. He released his hold on the handle, slid along the slippery pavement for a few feet, and delivered himself of a few choice remarks which would have shocked the parliamentary feelings of Vice-President Sherman.

"Do you know whom you passed?" a passenger asked the conductor.

"I suppose 'twas a Senator, but his nickel don't look any bigger than any one else's when this car is late. This is one place where we can give the best of them the go-by!"

* * *

Weaving Gold Cloth.

Upon a hand loom in the silk works at Braintree, England, a start has been made in weaving the cloth of gold from which will be made the coronation robes for the King and Queen. The honor of weaving the costly fabric has fallen to Thomas Wheeler, an experienced weaver, who finished his first day's work with two inches of woven gold and silk showing upon the front of his loom. The process is very slow, because of the care needed in the manufacture, and this two inches will be about the daily average.

By the express command of Queen Mary the entire fabric of the cloth of gold will be of English make. When finished the length, will be insured for $2,500, will be conveyed to the London School of Art Needlework to be made up into the royal robes. The cloth consists of threads of pure gold, woven into a fabric of invisible silk.

Only the best metal is used, so that it shall not tarnish, and the cloth as now being woven is worth more than its weight in gold. The greatest care is taken to guard the precious cloth by day and night.

* * *

Progressive Manx Laws.

Legislation in the Isle of Man, off the shore of England, is at a standstill because the House of Keys has gone on strike. Manxmen can afford to mark time, for their laws have long been advanced. Every woman, widow or spinster, in the Isle of Man, whether she be owner, occupier or lodger, enjoys the parliamentary franchise. Every widow enjoys half her husband's personal estate and has a life interest in his real estate, and she cannot be deprived of this by will.

The sale of cigarettes and intoxicants to children was forbidden in Man for years before such a prohibition was enforced in England itself. England has legislated, mildly against money lenders. The highest interest that can be charged for a loan in the Isle of Man is 6 per cent, and that has been the law over 200 years.

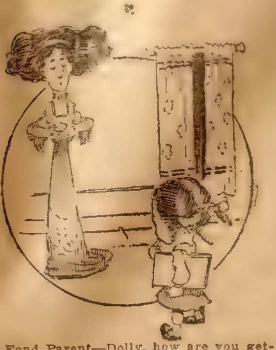
And there are many other instances in which Manx lawmakers have adopted progressive measures with entire success.

FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

A Pointed Fact.

Safety pins were invented not so long ago that people can not remember when they were rare, but it was not a new invention. Safety pins have been dug out of the ruins of old cities. A man exploring the ancient Roman city of Calchester in England has found safety pins that he believes were made even before the Romans came to Britain.

❧



Fond Parent—Dolly, how are you getting along with your arithmetic?

Dolly—I can add up the naughts all right, but the figures still bother me some.

❧

THREE DAYS' DRINK CURE.

Remarkable Success of New Method.

Edward Woods, who was a heavy liquor drinker for many years, was completely cured in 72 hours by a method which has since been successfully employed in thousands of cases. The treatment is now perfected so that physicians say that it can be given at home with positive success, with or without the drinker's knowledge. Leading medical authorities state that with elimination of the alcohol poison, many others ills are naturally cured, also there is wonderful improvement in mental and physical working ability. Life is prolonged five to 10 years. The cure is permanent; the person detests anything alcoholic, preferring water, tea and other non-alcoholic drinks. So enthusiastic is Mr. Woods, whose address is 534 Sixth Ave., New York City, that he has published a book giving details of his own case and describing the cure. This he will send free, postpaid, at his own cost, to anyone who writes for it.

❧

HER UMBRELLA.

O. Ella!
With her first umbrella!
She walked abroad like any queen.
She held it proudly for display
Admired its handle, stroked its sheen.
Was ever little girl more gay?

Dear Ella!
Such a small umbrella!
Once in the rain swept market place
I met her. Dripping were her curls.
She looked, despite her sunny face—
The most forlorn of little girls

"Why, Ella!
Where's your new umbrella?"
Said I: "The storm has drenched your hair
Just see your frock! Just see your hat!
And what is this you hug with care,
A broom, a fiddle, or a cat?"

O. Ella!
With her first umbrella!
She looked at me and shyly spoke.
The raindrops pelting on her yet;
"I have it here beneath my cloak,
Because, you see, it might get wet!"

❧

DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES.

There's hope and joy ahead for thousands of deaf people who have tried patent ear-drums, medicines, etc., without success, for a skilled N. Y. physician has come to the front with a method of quick, easy, inexpensive, home treatment. Those who are hard-of-hearing or are troubled with ringing noises in the head should hasten to write to Dr. G. E. Coutant, Station E, 6B, New York N. Y., who will send his interesting book free. We believe that this explains at last, the true method which deaf people have so long been seeking. The Doctor is receiving reports of surprising results in cases of people who had thought they could never hear well again.

❧

The upper crust of society isn't always founded upon dough.

Mr. Hess and the Duck.

Mrs. William Hess was going to have roast duck for dinner, and so she told her husband to go buy a duck. Mr. Hess is and has always been a dutiful husband, and so he took a basket on his arm and went down to the market to buy a duck. Now, as Mrs. Hess was always especially careful about the dinners, Mr. Hess thought that it would be best to take the duck home alive so that Mrs. Hess might look it over first. So he dumped it into the basket, shut the lid and started for home. It was all right. The duck did not say a word, though it is quite probable that that duck was doing some pretty heavy thinking. But the duck's time was coming. So was Mr. Hess—coming to an icy spot on the sidewalk. He hit the spot, and then he hit the walk, and the basket went flying into the street. The duck was in the basket. The basket hit the street pavement, and then the duck was not in the basket but running wildly about. Mr. Hess got up and chased the duck, that did not care about being caught, and they had a merry game of tag until a policeman arrested both of them and took them to jail for making a disturbance in the street.

❧

Tot Wit.

Mamma—See how willing baby is to give me a piece of candy, Lola!

Little Lola—Yes, but he knows you're only pretending to take it

—

Teacher—What useful article do we get from the codfish, Johnny?

Johnny—Cod liver oil.

Teacher—That's right. Now, Tommy, tell me what we get from the seal.

Tommy—Sealing wax.

—

Small Harold had just been chastised.

"Mamma," he said, "does it make your hands warm to spank me?"

"Indeed, it does, Harold," she replied

"Well," continued the little fellow, "the next time they are cold I wish you would hold them over the heater."

❧

Little Things.

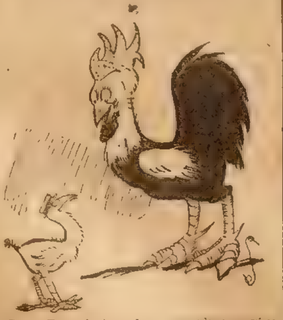
Little things are sometimes important Here is an instance: There was cold weather and then a little warm weather and then cold again in York, Pa., An icicle formed on the waterspout of a certain house. The weather turned warm again. The icicle fell in the night and made a loud noise that awakened one of the sleepers. The awakened person found that the house was full of coal gas that was escaping through a hole in the stove pipe and that might have killed the whole family if one of them had not been aroused by the fall of the icicle.

❧

THE ROLLING GOAT.

The rolling goat no can doth gather.
This is a maxim new.
(The other one about the stone and moss
is also true.)
That's why a goat that's round and fat
should walk upon his feet
If he should roll I fear he'd miss what
cans he'd chance to meet

❧



Son—Pa, what makes you always give excuses when you come home late?

Father—Your mother.

❧

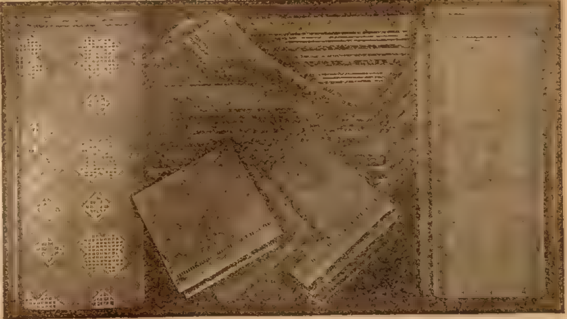
An Oversight.

Down in Texas there is a story told of some bandits that held up a railroad train. They went through the registered letters in the mail car, but they did not get much and let the train go on. The train went on, and it carried with it $125,000 in real money that the robbers had overlooked. When the bandits heard of that they were too much ashamed to stay in the bandit business, and so they reformed and joined good society.

❧

It's harder to discover a friend than it is to locate an enemy.

FREE! To Every Lady Reader this Beautiful and Durable
7-PIECE BED SET



Consists of 2 Blankets, 2 Bleached Sheets, 2 Bleached Pillow Cases and 1 Bed Spread—All Full Size Pieces

Here is a lifetime opportunity whereby every woman in the United States can get this handsome expensive, 7-piece Bed Set, **Absolutely Free.** This Bed Set consists of 2 Blankets, 2 Bleached Sheets, 2 Bleached Pillow Cases and 1 large, White Bed Spread—7 full size pieces in all. All we ask is, that you sell a few cans of our Perfection Baking Powder and the Bed Set is yours. You can realize how easily, and with what little effort you can do this, for a full size, cut glass pattern pitcher and 6 glasses are included with each can of Baking Powder, etc., in our offer No. 420. But this is not all. To every lady who sends in her name and address right away, we will give, in addition, as a Special Premium, **Absolutely Free,** the handsome and durable 6-piece French Grey Enamelware Set, described below, with first order. You can't realize what a big offer this is until you see these beautiful premiums. **NO MONEY NECESSARY** You risk absolutely nothing. We will pay all freight charges and ship you the Baking Powder and send your Premium with the Baking Powder, and also send the Glass Pitcher and 6 Glasses all together, and then

6-Piece Enamelware Set—FREE

We are determined to push our Baking Powder to the front; and to get you to help us we will send with your first order this handsome French Gray 6-Piece Enamelware Set and it will not cost you a penny. Remember, we will send you the Enamelware Set in addition to the Bed Set. This Enamelware Set consists of 1 10-qt. Dish Pan, 1 4-qt. lipped Preserving Kettle, 1 3-qt. Pudding Pan, 1 large Wash Basin, 1 4½-qt. Dairy or Milk Pan, and 1 large Flat Handle Dipper—6 large pieces in all. We have but a few hundred of these Sets on hand, we urge you to write quick if you want one.

We Give You Time To Deliver and Collect Before Remitting To Us

You can start in business on our money. Did you ever hear of such a liberal offer? Now don't delay. These handsome Bed Sets will be grasped mighty quickly by prudent ladies all over the country. While it is on your mind, cut out coupon, write your name and address on same so you can get our big Special Premium; also, free, our Mammoth Catalog and Premium List.

Fill Out and Mail Coupon Today

HAGOOD MFG. CO.,
310 N. Commercial St., St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen:—Without cost to me, please send at once your Big Free Offer.

Name..

Post Office..

County........................ State..............

$2.50 a Month buys a Genuine Kimball Organ

At Factory Prices. FREE Music Instructions by our New Diagram System

30 Days FREE Trial

IF YOU WRITE US AT ONCE. You can now buy the famous Kimball Organs direct from the makers at factory prices. We will send them to reliable people anywhere, to be paid for on our extremely easy payment plan **—$2.50 monthly and upward, if desired.**

Operating the largest organ factory in the world, employing the largest capital, buying raw material in the greatest quantity for cash—the Kimball system of manufacturing and distributing positively saves you $20 to $50 **on strictly first-class organs.**

If you want an organ at all you want a good one; a mere pretty case with no music in it will not do. **Secure at once** the old reliable Kimball Organ at Factory Prices and pay on convenient terms.

Send Today For Our Money-Saving Plan and Free Catalogue

Don't think of buying an ogran until you have our money-saving proposition. Our half a century of manufacturing experience, the financial strength back of our binding guarantee, and our 30 Days' Free Trial Plan are your safe-guards. They give you positive assurance of receiving greater organ value for your money than you can possibly obtain elsewhere. The most inexperienced buyer, a thousand miles or more from Chicago, gets the same square deal as the shrewdest trader who buys from us in person. Your Kimball organ will be selected by an expert on whose judgment you can rely. Stool and New Diagram System Free with each organ. Write today for Free Kimball Catalogue.

W. W. KIMBALL CO., 124 Kimball Hall, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Sister Woman!

READ MY FREE OFFER

My Mission is to make sick women well, and I want to send **you, your daughter, your sister, your mother, or any ailing friend,** a full 50-cent box of Balm of Figs Compound **absolutely free.** It is a remedy for the treatment of **woman's ailments,** and I want to tell you **all about it**—just how to use **it** yourself—**right at home** without any inconvenience—and the best of it is that it will not in the least interfere with your work or pleasure. Balm of Figs Compound is a remedy that has made sick women well and weak women strong, and I can prove it—**let me prove it to you,** and I will gladly do it, for I have never heard of anything that has, according to the abundance of testimonials at hand, so **quickly** and **surely** cured woman's ailments. No internal dosing necessary—it is a local treatment, yet it has to its credit some of the most extraordinary cures on record. Therefore, I want to place it in the hands of every woman suffering with **any form of Leucorrhea, Painful Periods, Ulceration, Inflammation, Uterine Displacements; Ovarian or Uterine Tumors or Growths,** or any of the weaknesses so common to women.

This 50c box of Balm of Figs Compound will not cost you one cent

I will send it to you **absolutely free,** to prove to you its splendid qualities, and then if you wish to continue further, it will cost you only a few cents a week. I do not believe there is another remedy equal to Balm of Figs Compound, and I am willing to **prove** my faith by sending out these **50-cent boxes** free. So, dear reader, irrespective of your past experience, write to me **at once — today** —and I will send you the treatment **entirely free** by return mail, and if you so desire, I can readily refer you to many, who can personally testify to the great and lasting cures that have resulted from the use of this remedy. But after all, the **very best test** of anything is a **personal trial** of it, and I know a 50-cent box of Balm of Figs Compound will **convince you** of its merits. Nothing is **so convincing** as the actual test of the article itself. Will you give Balm of Figs Compound this **test?** Write to me today, and remember I will gladly send you a **50-cent box of this remedy absolutely free.** Address,

MRS. HARRIET M. RICHARDS, Box C 202, JOLIET, ILLINOIS

LIVE STORIES for BOYS

THE YOUNG CASTAWAYS;

Or, Wild Adventures in Honduras

By LIEUTENANT JACK JUDSON

[Copyright 1911 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 16, April 22. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER X.

THE HAND OF FATE.

THE news brought to the camp of the fugitives by Segara, the Carib who had taken the back track to ascertain if there were any dangers of pursuit, was enough to pale the cheeks of the boy castaways and Marcelle.

Of course the party had the start of Senor Goralo's army, but an accident might happen which would give the pursuers the advantage and undo all that had been done.

"If we are discovered we can fight!" exclaimed Marcelle whose eyes dilated while she spoke. "The thought of going back to the web of the man-spider is torture to me. Our allies look courageous, but—"

She hesitated and lowered her voice.

"After all," she proceeded, "you can't trust these natives very far."

"Segara appears faithful," said Tom.

"He has never failed me," was the response and Marcelle's gaze wandered to the Carib who was plucking a pheasant which his ingenuity had secured.

They had reached a place where the forest lay deep and tense about them. Far ahead lay the capital of the country, but there were rivers to be crossed before it could be gained, and the dangers that lurked on every foot of the trail could not be counted.

Several Caribs had gone back to watch for Senor Goralo and his minions.

"Look!" suddenly exclaimed Tom Fallon, pointing to something that flitted past them like a shaft of light in which were commingled the hues of the rainbow.

It was as large as one's hand.

"It is the giant moth," she answered.

"But so pretty," Tom replied. "See! it has alighted on yonder leaf. I must have that fellow."

In another moment the young castaway had sprung to his feet and was gliding cautiously, but with some swiftness, toward the magnificent creature which had deposited itself on a bush.

The butterflies of Honduras are the most gorgeous winged objects in the world. This one seemed to outshine his fellow creatures, and though Tom had seen many fine ones since coming into that danger-infested land, none had excited him more than this splendid specimen.

As he neared the moth it rose gently and darted away, but soon descended on another leaf just ahead. Tom followed.

This time he appeared to be more fortunate, for he approached so near that he was holding his hat above the butterfly when he started back with a half suppressed cry.

The camp was no longer in sight, but the youth knew it was just over the rise but a short distance away. It was not lost.

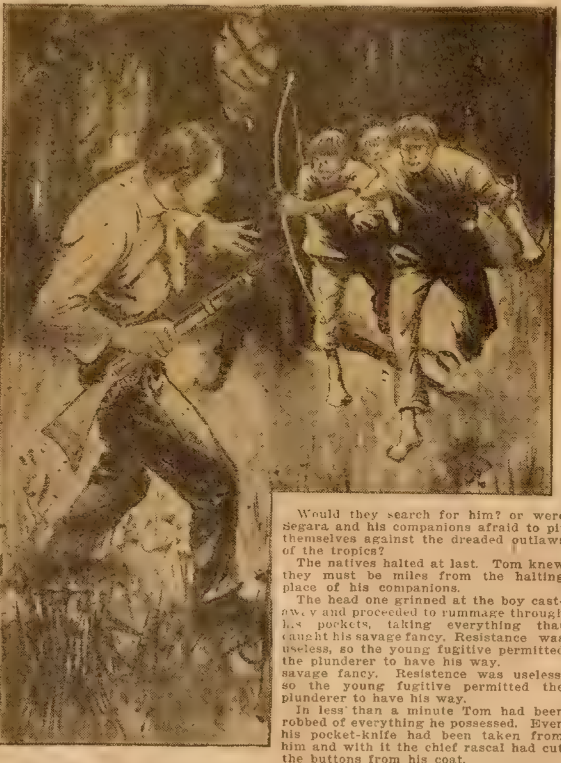
Well might Tom Fallon recoil and wish that he had never seen the big moth of the tropics for he was confronted by three malicious looking men who seemed to have sprung from the ground before him.

They were not of their protectors nor were they like the men who inhabited Esperanza. Though he had never seen their like, he knew that they were the Robin Hoods of Honduras, the evil men upon whose heads a reward always rested, for they robbed everybody, invaded the gold mines, carried rich Spanish ladies into captivity to hold them for enormous ransom and when that ransom was not forthcoming these rascals did not hesitate to slay their prisoners.

The three men carried not guns but bows and arrows and it was well known that some of the arrows in their jaguar skin quivers were poisoned.

For Tom to shout, as he well knew, would be to bring the outlaws down upon him. He dared not raise the weapon which he had carried whilst in pursuit of the rainbow moth for already three bows had been bent and he looked over the long arrow into the merciless eyes of the forest fiend.

Still holding their shafts to the notch in the bows, the outlaws advanced slowly upon the silent Tom.



The half naked trio came on.

The moth had disappeared. He thought of it and its beauty no longer for a more stubborn proposition confronted him.

To fall into the hands of the tropic demons in the shape of the outlaws was as bad as going back into the clutches of Senor Goralo.

Yet there was no hope.

The half-naked trio came on till the hand of the foremost one fell upon Tom's shoulder. He shrank from the contact, but it availed him nothing.

His rifle was snatched from him in a jiffy. With a native on each side he was hustled into the forest, his feet now and then scarcely touching the ground.

On, on through the dense forest rushed the outlaws with their prisoner.

The camp of his friends was soon far behind. Tom could not but admire the figures of his captors. What great strong men they were, just the sort of fellows to hold the whole army of Honduras at bay.

Where they nested Tom had no idea. He only knew that he was going farther and farther from Dick and Marcelle, and this thought was enough to chill his blood.

What would his companions do when they discovered his misfortune?

Would they search for him? or were Segara and his companions afraid to pit themselves against the dreaded outlaws of the tropics?

The natives halted at last. Tom knew they must be miles from the halting place of his companions.

The head one grinned at the boy castaway and proceeded to rummage through his pockets, taking everything that caught his savage fancy. Resistance was useless, so the young fugitive permitted the plunderer to have his way.

savage fancy. Resistence was useless, so the young fugitive permitted the plunderer to have his way.

In less than a minute Tom had been robbed of everything he possessed. Even his pocket-knife had been taken from him and with it the chief rascal had cut the buttons from his coat.

Tom looked about for the habitation or camp of the thieves. He saw nothing of the kind. Presently one of them uttered a singular cry like that of a young cougar and some bushes on the side of the little hill that confronted them parted and a man crawled forth.

This fellow was like his comrades in dress and looks.

Since the capture the thieves had spoken but little. Now, with a twist of his dark face, the leader said in startling good English.

"Boy no Spaniard?"

The outlaw's manner told Tom how he hated the name he mentioned.

"Of course I'm no Spaniard," answered Tom. "I am American."

The villians looked at one another.

"What boy doing here?"

"I was escaping from Senor Goralo."

Ladies Don't Submit!
TO AN OPERATION
UNTIL YOU HAVE TRIED
Magnolia Blossom

Let Us Send You 10 Days Treatment Free

We want to show you free of cost what wonderful results Magnolia Blossom can accomplish. If you suffer from Leucorrhoea, (Whites), Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Ovarian Troubles, Ulceration, Inflammation, Laceration, Tumors, Painful Periods, Bearing Down Pains, Nervousness, Melancholy, Hot Flashes, etc., or any form of Female Trouble, just sit down at once and write for our 10 Days Free Treatment of Magnolia Blossom. We know what it has done for thousands of other women who have suffered just as you do now and we know what it will do for you. All we want is a chance to convince you too. Just have a little faith; send us your name and address today and let us send you the 10 Days Free Treatment as soon as possible, with valuable advice from our Lady Physician. For your health's sake accept our Free Offer. Address,

SOUTH BEND REMEDY CO.,
Box 27. South Bend, Ind.

1 Full Quart
Whiskey Free
Try It At Our Expense

We Prepay Express Charges

Note our proposition, remit us $5.45 and we will at once ship you by Express—Charges Prepaid, 8 full Quarts of our Famous 3 Star Whiskey and an additional Full Quart Free for Trial Purposes. Or remit us $2.95 and we will Express—Charges Prepaid, 4 Full Quarts of our 3 Star Whiskey and a Test Bottle Free for Trial Purposes. Also Free with each order, Gold Tipped Glass and Patent Corkscrew.

After using the Free Bottle if you are not satisfied that you have received the Best Whiskey Value obtainable at the price, keep the Free Bottle for your trouble, pack remainder of shipment, return at our expense and we will at once cheerfully refund every cent paid us.

In case you can use a larger quantity than offered above, our price for a 5 Gallon Keg is only $12.50 Freight Charges Prepaid.

Address orders and make remittances payable to A. Fels, Mgr., or

Fels Distilling Co.
130 Fels Bldg.,
Kansas City, Mo.

MEN AND BOYS WANTED TO SELL
'The Illustrated Record,'
the Largest Illustrated Sporting Paper in the World. Don't miss this chance. Address Circulation Manager, Illustrated Record, 17 Spruce Street, New York City.

LEG SORES
Cured by ANTI-FLAMMA Poultice Plaster. Stops the itching around sore. Cures while you work. DESCRIBE CASE and get FREE SAMPLE.
Bayles Co., 1824 Grand Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

FISH BITE like hungry wolves Any season of the year if you use MAGIC FISH LUCK. BEST bait ever invented for all kinds of fish. If you like to catch a big string every time you go fishing write to me and get a box of this wonderful bait to help introduce it in your locality. RENO FISH CO., Dept S-5 FRIEND, NEB.

MUSIC LESSONS FREE
At Your Home. Write today for our booklet. It tells how to learn to play Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, etc. Beginners or advanced pupils. AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 17 Lakeside Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

This information startled the whole band.

"Little Americano no lie?" flashed the leader.

"Why should I lie?" retorted Tom. "Do you think I liked the servitude at Esperanza?"

The captain of the band broke into a wild laugh.

"Mebbe Senor Goralo give many pesos for boy?" he ventured.

Tom did not reply. He knew that his late master would give much for his return.

"How much the dark senor give for boy?" queried the outlaw thrusting his face almost against Tom's.

The young castaway shook his head.

"How much you give for liberty, little senor."

Tom in reply held out his empty hands. There was a look of poverty in his eyes.

"Just what other Americano say," laughed the outlaw.

What did he mean? Tom tried to answer his mental question by a study of the native's face.

In another moment the youth was conducted beyond the bushes that concealed the mouth of the cave in the hills. The darkness beyond the entrance fell around him like the pall of night.

Suddenly a cord was wound round his body and Tom felt it cut as it was drawn taut.

He was lowered to the ground and left amid darkness. He heard the footsteps of his captors recede.

The hoplessness of his situation sank like lead into the boy's heart.

Had the outlaws gone back to the trail of the fugitives in hopes of making another capture? Tom did not know.

All at once something brushed his cheek. It was like the touch of a wing and Tom thought of the gigantic bats he had seen hanging from the limbs of the trees. He stifled a cry and averted his head, shivering.

"Who's in here with me?"

It was a coarse voice, but it sent an unspeakable thrill through every fiber of the boy castaway's being.

He was not alone in the subterranean dungeon!

"They truss a fellow up here for keeps," continued the same voice. "If they'd give me half a chance there'd be something doing in these parts."

Tom's heart gave a great leap and seemed to land in his throat.

"I'm here trussed like yourself, I suppose," he answered, and then fell to wondering what the answer would be.

"Who are you?"

"I'm Tom Fallon at your service."

"The dickens you are!"

"And who are you?" asked Tom and then he held his breath.

"I'm Jonas of the Silver Moon."

The young prisoner of the outlaws uttered a cry. He had found his old captain!

"Lie still and I'll roll over to you," continued the unseen one.

In another moment Tom felt himself touched and knew that the speaker and himself were lying side by side.

"I was doing my best to get to civilization when I fell into the hands of these vultures," resumed the man in the dark whose voice Tom now readily recognized. "I thought I was the only person spared by that hurricane that sent the ship to the bottom of the treacherous Caribbean. I couldn't get my bearings in this wild land. Every spot looked alike to me."

"There is a sameness to this tropical country," said Tom.

"It's too much for me. I've had adventures, Tom. I was attacked by a cougar, howled at by thousands of screeching monkeys which I had to fight off with a club; I've been almost in the folds of a boa and I don't know what all. But where have you been, Master Tom?"

"I've been in slavery. I was escaping when a butterfly lured me into the forest and I fell into the hands of my captors."

"Too bad, but I'm glad we've got together again," replied the captain of the wrecked trader. "Two heads are better than one. Mebbe we can slip our leashes."

Tom was not so sanguine. In as few words as possible he told the story of his adventures since being thrown upon the beach by the sea.

Captain Jonas remained silent for a long time.

"I don't happen to see a silver lining to the cloud just now," he said dubiously, "but, if you and I can't make one, Master Tom, we deserve to remain here forever!"

"I'll try with you, Captain Jonas," Tom answered as cheerily as he could and then lapsed into silence.

CHAPTER XI.

BROUGHT TO BAY.

But for the disappearance of Tom, Dick and Marcelle would have pushed on toward the capital. Segara the Carib who knew that the vengeance of Senor Goralo would descend upon his head was anxious to go forward, but the Americans would not listen to such a thing without an attempt to find the missing youth.

The trail of the forest freebooters was not hard to find. The scene of Tom's capture was soon discovered by the lynx-eyed Segara, but that worthy shook his head.

The cunning and fierceness of those into whose hands the boy castaway had fallen seemed to fill the Caribs with fear. They would not move a step.

Dick and Marcelle used all the arguments they were capable of using, but Segara would not listen.

"The robbers worse than Senor Goralo," he exclaimed. "They fight the jaguar with their poisoned arrows and the bushmaster flees from them. Let the boy, go, little senor."

"Never!" cried Dick, with resolution. "What, let Tom perish without an attempt at rescue? I will not think of it."

"He may get out of the hands of the forest robbers," remarked Marcelle, though from what she had heard of these ferocious men, she had little hope in her words.

A grim smile took possession of the Carib's countenance.

"Can we not tarry here a few hours?" the girl implored. "Tom may return."

Segára pointed in the direction of Esperanza.

"You are looking for Senor Goralo, eh?" said Dick.

"For the Spanish wolf and his pack," was the reply.

"We will wait for Tom," Marcelle spoke with determination. "It would be cruel to desert him."

Segara and his band agreed to wait till dusk and the argument was ended.

More than once during that long tropic day Dick and his fair companion gazed into the depths of the forest. It held the secret of Tom's whereabouts.

Suddenly a runner whom Segara had sent back on the trail burst upon the little camp. Consternation leaped out of his dark little eyes.

"Senor Goralo come!" cried the native, pointing over the trail.

Dick and Marcelle looked at one another but did not speak.

The Caribs looked to their weapons and Marcelle smoothed Maximilian's sleek back and saw him show his teeth.

"I don't believe it," exclaimed Dick. "The native was scared at something else."

Segara said nothing but kept his gaze riveted on the wild forest while his followers maintained a stolid silence.

The camp had been made on the bank of one of the turbulent rivers that flow through the heart of Honduras. The bank was wooded to the water's edge and the roaring stream seemed capable of carrying the best manned boat to destruction.

If they had the river between them and Senor Pedrez they would be in a better condition to fight, but not even the stout Caribs appeared willing to trust themselves to the darkish flood.

The stream was not wide, but it was treacherously deep. Besides this, it was infested with a species of poisonous water serpents which kept near the shores and were ready to strike their fangs into the first things that offered a target.

Dick noticed Segara gazing speechlessly into one of the trees that stood at the edge of the water.

"Creepers strong," said the Carib, nodding his head to the boy.

Dick went to Segara's side.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

Segara went to one of the strong creepers which hung from the tree and took hold of it. Then he picked up a short heavy bit of dead limb and, fastening it deftly to the vine, flung it toward the center of the river.

Dick noticed that the piece of wood was carried entirely across, but swung back again.

"We can leap the river like that, little senor," cried the Carib, with a smile.

"It would be a little risky," Dick returned.

Segara answered by summoning one of his men to his side and ordered him to swing himself across the stream. Nothing daunted, the man seized the vine and in a jiffy was on the other side.

Dick and Marcelle looked on amazed.

"If a Carib can do that so can I," Dick said with a nod.

"And I!" coincided Marcelle.

"If we can cross the river by the llanos," Dick resumed, addressing Segara, "so can Senor Goralo."

"But we can fight better with the river between us and the Spaniard.

"That is true. We can pick the soldiers off while they are trying to cross."

The Carib nodded assent.

"But there is the question of Tom." said Marcelle at this juncture.

"And Tom we will not desert!" Dick answered.

Meantime the natives seemed more and more uneasy. The approach of the trailing enemy seemed to unnerve them. Their courage appeared to be oozing out at their finger ends.

"We can fight better from the opposite bank," the boy castaway said to Marcelle. "The river prevents Senor Goralo from flanking us as they say in warfare. Shall we cross?"

Marcelle once more turned her eyes in direction of Esperanza and nodded.

"But Maximilian?"

"I'll get the big cat across," the girl replied with a little laugh.

The transfer was begun at once. Several of the natives made the swing in safety, landing on the other bank by aid of the stout creeper and stood waiting for the rest.

At length one of the smaller natives met with a misfortune. His hold loosened over the middle of the torrent and the next moment he disappeared never to be seen again.

"That's better than going back into the web of the man-spider," remarked Marcelle, unmoved by the Indian's fate.

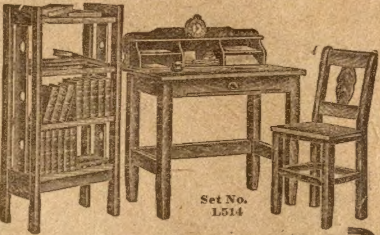
Segara now made a network of smaller vines and fastened Maximilian therein. The tawny beast seemed eager for the adventure. The Carib carried the creeper as far up the bank as he could and then sent it away with all his might.

This 3-Piece Mission Library Set:

Desk, Book-Rack and Chair, made of selected solid oak—either early English or Golden finish. Desk has 32 x 20 inch top, with large drawer for stationery and back shelves 17 x 11 inches. Chair extra solid, with 20x20 inch seat.

Sent to your home on receipt of $1.50. If, after 30 days' trial you find it at least twice the value you could get anywhere else, pay the balance of the special direct-from-factory price of $9.85 at the rate of 75 cents a month.

And remember, this is not a special value—it is merely a sample of the wonderful bargains we offer in everything for the home—bargains only made possible by our tremendous business.



Sent to Your Home for $1.50

This Mission set is made with the same taste and style as distinguish all Hartman furniture. We have furnished thousands of the best city homes through our 22 great retail stores in the large cities—we have 800,000 customers scattered throughout the country.

Today, after 56 years of business life, we are selling to people whose grandparents, when first married, started housekeeping with Hartman furniture. You can furnish your home in just the way you want it, at prices you'd hardly think possible for such quality goods, and on terms to suit your convenience. So send today for your copy of our great

FREE BOOK "Everything for the Home," 300 pages of interesting ideas about home-fitting, illustrated with pictures of the articles themselves—many in color. Tells you how and why we can furnish homes better and more cheaply on our liberal open account credit system. The most beautiful and comprehensive book on artistic home-furnishing ever issued. Write to day for your free copy.

EVERYTHING FOR THE HOME
Hartman Furniture & Carpet Co

HARTMAN FURNITURE & CARPET CO.

Dept. 21—223 Wabash Ave. Chicago, U. S. A.

Largest, oldest and best known home-furnishing concern in the world.
Established 1855—56 years of success—22 great stores—800,000 customers

Free to You—My Sister FREE TO YOU and Every Sister Suffering From Woman's Ailments.

I am a woman.
I know woman's sufferings.
I have found the cure.

I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men can not understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhoea or Whitish Discharges, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths; also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar to our sex.

I want to send you a complete ten days' treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cts. a week, or less than 2 cts. a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost, my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies in your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all women's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. Write today, as you may not see this offer again. Address

MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box 457, South Bend, Ind., U. S. A.

$1 Worth of Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Treatment FREE

It is a positive remedy for all Stomach, Liver and Intestinal Trouble, Gastritis, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Pressure of Gas around the Heart, Sour Stomach, Distress After Eating, Nervousness, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Constipation, Congested and Torpid Liver, Yellow Jaundice, Sick Headache and Gall Stones.

The above ailments are mainly caused by the clogging of the intestinal tract with mucoid and catarrhal accretions, backing up poisonous fluids into the stomach, and otherwise deranging the digestive system. I want every sufferer of any of these diseases to test this wonderful treatment. You are not asked to take this treatment for a week or two before you will feel its great benefits—only one dose is usually required. I say emphatically it is a positive, permanent remedy and I will prove it to you if you will allow me to. I will send the complete $1.00 treatment to sufferers absolutely Free so you can try it in your own home at my expense.

The most eminent specialists declare that 75 per cent of the people who suffer from Stomach Trouble are suffering from Gall Stones. I firmly believe that this remedy is the only one in the world that will cure this disease. Sufferers of Stomach and Liver troubles and Gall Stones should not hesitate a moment, but send for this Free treatment at once. I would be pleased to send you the names of people who state they have been cured of various Stomach ailments and speaking the highest praise of this medicine. Just fill out the Coupon below—let me send you this wonderful treatment together with highly interesting literature, testimonials, etc. Don't suffer with agonizing pains—don't permit a dangerous surgical operation, which gives only temporary relief, when this medicine will permanently help you.

GEORGE H. MAYR, Mfg. Chemist
Mayr Building, 154-156 Whiting Street, Chicago
References:—Mercantile Agencies or State Bank of Chicago

Sign and Mail This Coupon To-day

Geo. H. Mayr, Mfg. Chemist, Mayr Bldg., 154-156 Whiting St., Chicago

Send me absolutely FREE, $1.00 treatment of Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy.

Name...
Address...
City and State...
Write Plainly
Express Office... 66

MAYR'S WONDERFUL REMEDY
MAYR'S WONDERFUL REMEDY FOR STOMACH TROUBLES INDIGESTION GAS ON THE STOMACH AND INTESTINES
THIS REMEDY REMOVED GALL STONES
GEO. H. MAYR Mfg. Chemist Mayr Bldg., Chicago
POWDER NO. 1
POWDER No. 2

You are not asked to take this treatment for a week or two before you feel its great benefits. One dose is all that is necessary to prove its wonderful powers to benefit.

Absolutely harmless. Guaranteed by th Pure Food and Drug Act, Serial No. 25793

$3.50 Recipe Free, For Weak Men.

Send Name and Address Today—You Can Have it Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3791 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain, ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $3.00 to $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

BLOOD POISON CAN BE CURED

If you have ulcers, mucous patches in the mouth, sore throat, eruptions, copper colored spots on your body, failing hair, swolen glands, pains in the bones, or severe continued headaches, our special treatment will cure you. Our DR. PANTER, former chief physician of the original Cook Remedy Co., treated over 22,000 patients of that company in the fifteen years ending May 12th, 1908, the date that company discontinued taking cases to treat. DON'T BE MISLED with offers of Free Treatment, that stimulate the system for a short time. RELIABLE CURES ARE NOT FREE. Our treatment has stood the test for 25 years and have never been compelled to offer *free treatments* to procure patients. Booklet on Blood Poisons testimonials and full information about your case, FREE. Write

PANTER REMEDY CO.,
Suite 809, 67 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

TRADE MARK BIG G REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

CURES Men & Women

Use Big G for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painless. Guaranteed not to stricture. Prevents contagion.

Sold by Druggists, or in plain wrapper, express prepaid, on receipt of $1, or three bottles, $2.75. Circular sent on request

THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO.
CINCINNATI, O.
U. S. A.

FREE $1 BOX ON TRIAL THE WEAK MADE STRONG

BIEL'S NERVE TABLETS act on the Vital Organs. Generate Vital Warmth and Nerve Force. Make you feel Strong, Vigorous, full of Natural VIM and equal to the Duties and Pleasures of Life. If you suffer with Lost Vitality, are Nervous, Weak, Worn out, Lack Strength, Energy, Ambition, Weakness or Pain in Heart, side or shoulder, Feel Despondent, Restless, have Dizzy Spells, Bad Dreams, Poor Memory, Pain in Kidneys or Liver, are Thin, Weak, Run Down; try BIEL'S NERVE TABLETS. Let us send you a full month's treatment on trial. When you are satisfied that they bring back Health and make life worth living, then pay us $1. Send name and address and we will mail you a DOLLAR BOX AT ONCE

BIEL MFG. CO. Dept. 520 DENVER, COLO.

DICEMAN: Don't fool with Crooked or Loaded Dice. Let us tell you how to handle square dice. Free. Write Camden-Harris Co., Box 603, Hugo, Okla.

FOXY FLORENCE. A tale of a wayward girl. One long scream from cover to cover. 10c silver. Address GEM SPECIALTY CO., Beaver Falls, Pa.

In another moment the forest cat was flying over the water. One of the natives caught the vine on the other side and when Maximilian had been released it swung back.

Then Marcelle made the journey and was followed by Dick, leaving Segara alone at the vine.

The Carib stood there as if in doubt.

Suddenly he waved his hands at his friends and then faced toward Esperanza.

What had he heard?

In another minute he threw his weapon to his shoulder and his cheek dropped to the stock.

"What is it?" cried Dick.

The natives darted into the forest leaving Marcelle and her companion alone near the water.

"Quick!" shouted Dick to Segara. "The vine! the vine!"

But the Carib did not seem to hear. The following instant his rifle spoke and something dark and terrible leaped into the air a few yards away.

"A jaguar!" exclaimed the girl.

The huge beast whose velvet step the Carib had heard quivered where he had fallen and Segara coolly lowered his weapon.

Scarcely had he done so when several blackish figures were seen in the forest.

"The bloodhounds!" gasped Dick Chaffee, turning white.

The Carib had seen the dogs. In a few moments, as the watchers knew, the whole band of pursuers would burst into view.

Dick, with a sudden impulse of security, seized Marcelle and drew her down among the thick grass that covered the landing place.

Still the Carib on the other bank stood irresolute.

On came the dogs, baying now in their hideous manner for they were near their prey. Segara seemed about to grasp the vines.

Dick whispered, "He'll swing over in a moment."

Sure enough the Carib ran back with the creeper in his grip and the next second he was in midair. Dick and Marcelle held their breath.

At the same moment the forest rang with the sharp report of firearms. The man on the vine now in the middle of the stream was seen to twist half-way around, then he loosened his hold and the water caught him in its embrace.

Dick and Marcelle were too horrified to speak.

"We must cut the creeper," said Marcelle when at last she formed a word.

"Aye, but how?"

The enemy appeared on the opposite bank. They saw the figure of Captain Joao and behind it half a dozen of Senor Goralo's men.

Several of these soldiers had reached the tree and one had caught the heavy vine as it swung back.

Dick looked at Marcelle and saw her press her rifle to her cheek.

The soldier was making ready for the swing.

In the flash of an eye the rifle rang out in shrill tones and to Dick's astonishment the man on the end of the vine fell to the ground and the vine itself was severed.

A smile of triumph lit up the girl's eyes.

"You have shot before!" cried the boy castaway, as he looked at her with eyes filled with admiration.

"I have not been idle all my life," she answered.

The rage of those on the other side of the river was easily seen.

They ran hither and thither in search of other vines capable of carrying them across the stream, but none seemed available. Marcelle had blocked their game by her excellent marksmanship.

Senor Goralo, still wearing his suit of white, was plainly visible. He was hurling epithets of all kinds at his late captives. In truth he danced about in his madness.

"There can be no ford in this wild river," Dick suddenly observed, "though our enemies may find a friendly vine somewhere. We will have to make hay while the sun shines. What has become of the natives?"

The young Americans turned to look for Segara's men, but to their surprise not one was in sight. The disappearance of their leader had struck terror to their hearts and they had run away.

Dick and Marcelle gazed at one another for a whole minute in silence. The horror of their situation had suddenly deepened. They were alone in the doom-haunted forests of Honduras. Maximilian looked up in to his mistress' face and whined dismally.

"Don't despair, cat," smiled Marcelle, patting the cougar on the head. "A brighter hour may come by and by. Come, Dick. We must shift for ourselves now," and with this she looked once more across the torrent and turned away.

The next second the forest seemed to have swallowed them once more.

CHAPTER II.

A YANKEE TRICK.

With Dick and Marcelle, guarded by Maximilian, the cougar, alone in the death-infested forest, let us return to Tom and Captain Jonas, prisoners in the power of the outlaws and closely watched by their captors in the cave.

There seemed little hope of escape.

Lying side by side in the dense gloom which prevailed, they could exchange narratives which they did in low tones. It was not Captain Jonas' first visit to Honduras; he had sailed along the coast a number of times, but the forests were strange to him. Had it not been so he might have made his way to some town or village where he would have been safe, but he had lost his way and his great misfortune was to fall into the hands of the branded natives.

"We must think of getting out of here," remarked the captain of the Silver Moon at the conclusion of his wild story. "The villains have no hearts. They are the next thing to cannibals. Once or twice I almost gave up in despair, but something turned the scales in my favor and my life has been spared for some unknown purpose."

"I want to get back to Dick and Marcelle," replied Tom. "My sudden disappearance must greatly trouble them and I want to share all dangers with them. With Senor Goralo the man-spider on their trail, the outlook is dark indeed, and—"

At that moment a noise in front stilled Tom's voice and he lapsed into silence.

In another instant a spark of fire leaped up and they beheld the outlaw leader gazing down upon them. He was a stalwart fellow whose savageness peeped out of his slant eyes. He strode forward and held his torch over the captives.

"How fares the little butterfly chaser?" the man asked, centering his gaze upon Tom.

The boy castaway grinned his displeasure.

"Little senor run away from Senor Goralo?" the outlaw proceeded.

"Who wouldn't get out of that web if he could?" snapped Tom.

"Si, si," was the reply.

"I say," broke in the captain, looking the fellow in the face. "You don't know what you're missing."

The native started and bent forward. His dark eyes were aglow with avarice.

"The boy here can tell you that we had a heap of gold on the Silver Moon."

"Ho!" laughed the man. "Heap pesos?"

"Yes, enough to make you the richest man in this infernal country."

"Where gold?"

"It washed ashore and I had the satisfaction of hiding it where no eyes but mine can find it."

The man's cupidity was aroused and Tom could not but smile at Captain Jonas' stratagem. There had been gold on the ill-fated vessel, but Tom was sure it was even then resting on the bottom of the Caribbean.

"You couldn't find it if you hunted till doomsday," continued the old salt, seeing that he had made an impression on the giant in bronze. "I could show the way—"

The native grunted and seized the captain's shoulder.

"Americano no lie?" he said with a threatening shake of the head.

"If my word isn't good enough let me rot here," cried Captain Jonas coolly.

The man took several paces around the cavern but came back in a moment.

"Would the Americano show Tolusa?" he asked.

"Yes, if liberty follows."

Tom was holding his breath. Would the ruse be successful?

The native disappeared but soon returned with three of his followers.

"We've won," whispered the captain.

The prisoners were bidden to rise which they did and soon found themselves outside the cave.

"Americano take us to the gold," said Tolusa, the outlaw.

"You know upon what conditions," demanded Jonas.

The bronze head nodded

Tom clutched his companion's arm and looked into his weatherbeaten face.

"Don't guide him away from where I left Dick and Marcelle," he whispered.

"Trust me, Master Tom.

"Which way?" asked Tolusa.

Captain Jonas pointed toward the late camp of the three fugitives.

"It's a long walk," he said, addressing Tolusa. "If we turn over the treasure of the Silver Moon we go free?"

"Si, Senor Captain."

The master of the lost ship was placed at the head of the band and he gave the command to push forward. The hands of the prisoners were still bound, but the resolute Captain Jonas had worked his

WRITE FOR ONE

FOR MEN

50000 BOOKS Free To Men

Men, do you wish to get well surely and quickly and safely by your own personal efforts, in the privacy and secrecy of your own home? If so, if you are earnestly and really determined to get well, if you are tired of waiting on doctors who do not cure, if you are tired of spending money for NOTHING of health value, if you want to end disappointment, write today for this FREE BOOK for MEN.

It tells ALL about men's ailments in a way ANY man can understand and PROFIT by. It gives a man a mental GRASP and WORKING knowledge of his condition. But—best of all—it gives him POWER over it inasmuch as it shows him plainly WHAT TO DO—in the quiet and privacy of his own home—to get rid of his trouble. No matter what it may be, or how old and stubborn it may be, this book tells him just what to do.

If your trouble be vital weakness, nerve failure, general loss of power, organic disease, rheumatism, liver, stomach, kidney or bladder disease, blood poison, constitutional or inherited disease, you NEED this book NOW. It covers your trouble fully and tells you what you may do to overcome it—tells you how you may once more regain your full strength and manhood—by your own efforts—at home. Write today for a copy of this valuable book, prepaid, sealed and FREE.

DR. JOS. LISTER & Co., 508 Northwestern Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

URETHROL

The great antiseptic for **Stricture, private disease, enlarged prostate, bladder troubles, womb diseases, ulcerations, & all debilitating discharges, men and women.** Safe, sure.

Best home remedy known for Stricture. Destroys germs, relieves pain or burning, soothes, heals, **revitalizes.** Prevents contagion. Try it. Your money back if not satisfied. **No free sample fraud.** Crayons for men, suppositories for women. By mail, $1.00 per box. Six boxes for $5.00. Circular free. Address

DR. ROWE, 60 Niagara St., M, Buffalo, N.Y.

Direct Aid to Nature GIVES POSITIVE RESULTS

Stop indirect methods in Varicocele and stomach drugging in Prostatic weakness. By direct local application my specific treatments assist Nature to cure these prevalent conditions among men. As proof I receive many letters highly endorsing my treatments. I will send you fac-simile copies free with my illustrated treatise on the Causes, Effects and Cure of above complaints, plainly sealed

MARK M. KERR, M. D., Sta. 711, CINCINNATI, Ohio.

Continually before magazine readers since 1908.

FREE TO MEN

HER-CU-LIN STRENGTH AND VIGOR FOR MEN

HER-CU-LIN, the strength developer for men's Vitality, quickly gives results. This New Improved Method quickly secures for you powerful Virile invigoration. If you still have ambition to enjoy life send us your name and address only and we will send you a Full Proving Size FREE to try, in plain package. Nothing sent C. O. D. Address

THE M. OSWALD CO., 318-33 West 42d Street, New York

FITS EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS

Why despair, if others have failed; send at once for a treatise and Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study, and warrant my remedy to give immediate and successful relief. I have hundreds of testimonials from those who have been cured. Give express and P. O. address.

W. H. PEEKE, F.D., 4 Cedar St., New York

WHISKEY FREE!

How to get a whole gallon free, by express, prepaid. Learn to make liquors, Beers, Whiskeys, Cordials. Soda Water for 1c a bottle. Beer about 1c a quart. No experience required. Everything guaranteed. Recommended by thousands. Don't be dry, when I open the way for you to always have something on hand. Write for free particulars today. Send stamp. Address

A. C. Liepe, 610 Green Bay Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

RUPTURE FREE CURE

No operation, pain, danger or detention from work. No return of rupture or further use for trusses; a radical cure in every case, old or young. Trial treatment free to all. It will cost you nothing to try this famous method. Don't wait, write today.

Dr. W. S. RICE, 658 Main Street, Adams, N. Y.

BRACELET AND RING FREE

We positively give free a fine Adjustable Signet Bracelet, guaranteed 5 years, also a beautiful Stone Set Ring for selling 20 packs high-grade art post cards at 10c a pack. Order 20 packs, when sold send us $2. and we will positively send Bracelet and Ring. WELLS MFG. CO., Dept. E 28, CHICAGO

BOYS VIOLIN FREE!

This fine, sweet-toned violin also whitehorse hair bow and box rosin free for selling 20 pkgs. Art Post Cards at 10c per pkge. Send for cards—When sold, send $2.00 and Violin and Complete Outfit will be sent promptly. Satisfaction guaranteed. ALTON WATCH CO., Dept. 1 Chicago

MENDING TISSUE. The Wonder of the Age. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 10 cents; three packages, 25 cents. Address PENN PUBLISHING CO. PARNASSUS, PA.

PILES If you are afflicted with piles in any form write for a FREE trial treatment of Infallible Pile Tablets, and you will ever bless the day you read this. Infallible Tablet Co., Dept. 57 Marshall, Mich.

GAMBLERS' SECRETS

For winning at slot machines, dice, cards, faro, roulette, spindles. Fair games, etc., exposed. Get wise. Big illustrated circular free. Ham. D. Co., Box 1659, Hammond, Ind.

GIRL AND ART PHOTOS. 15 samples 10c. Alice Brown, 5 years in New York City disguised as a man, Illu'd, 10c. Book and photos 15c. 'Personal Magnetism' 25c. Book list 2c. World Pub. Co., 14 S. M., Glendora, Calif.

BE A DETECTIVE Earn from $150.00 to $300.00 per month; travel over the world. Write C. T. LUDWIG. 805 Scarritt Building, KANSAS CITY, MO.

92 Post Card Views 10c. 18 Panama Canal Zone, 74 Western Scenes, Mexicans, Indians, CowBoys, Mines, Ranches, Mountains, Sea Shore etc. J. COOK & Co., Chicago.

FUTURE, past, present revealed. Send silver dime; birthdate. Can astonish you. Madam Irene, 115 Second St., Kewanee, Ills.

GO ON THE STAGE Will tell you how. Write for descriptive circular, it is free Empire Agency, 1826 Holly Street, Kansas City, Mo.

SPORTING GOODS Cards, Dice, etc. Catalog free. G. LEE & CO., Salida, Colo.

GAMBLING GAMES Exposed. Dice, Cards, etc. Catalog free. M. Hill Swanton, Ohio.

SPORTING GOODS, Books, Cards, Dice, etc. Catalog Free. B. L. SMYTHE Co., Newark, Mo.

SEX IGNORANCE ruins countless homes; 32-p. book 10c. S. H. Pile (13), Glasgow, Mo.

almost loose, but his success had escaped the roving gaze of their captors.

On, on through the forest single file went the outlaws and their prey.

More than once Tom glanced at Captain Jonas and wondered what was flitting through his brain. They were in the deadliest straits and a movement of treachery would bring down upon their heads the full vengeance of the forest fiends who knew no mercy.

Striding forward with head erect Captain Jonas looked on neither side and kept his lips glued together with stern determination.

The day waned and night began to settle once more over the interminable cover. A number of howling monkeys set up their dismal cries till the whole forest seemed a pandemonium, and Tom was wishing that he could raise his hands and shut out the awful serenade.

"We'll find it tomorrow," coolly said Captain Jonas halting in the most dismal part of the wood.

Tolusa frowned and glared at the man.

"It's no use," continued the captain, returning the maddened look. "Men in my country don't have eyes like owls and bats. We see by daylight."

The band was forced to camp. A meager meal of nuts was served out to the prisoners after which they were directed to lie down when their feet were attached to the trunks of small trees to keep them secure through the night.

Tom's heart sank to immeasurable depths in his bosom.

"Tom?" whispered Captain Jonas when the outlaws had disposed themselves for the night.

"Yes, Captain Jonas."

"I've got these rascals just where I want them," was the answer. "Even the best guards sleep at their posts."

"But if ours should not?"

"Never mind. Wait and see a Yankee trick."

Tom fell back on his bed of leaves, but did not fully close his eyes.

One by one the outlaws dropped asleep until but one remained on guard, a very giant, who crouched at the little fire with a rifle across his knees and every sense alert.

Moments seemed endless hours to the young castaway.

His gaze never for a moment left the squatted figure at the fire. The outlaw's head remained erect and Tom knew that the beady eyes saw everything within a radius of many yards. Would the man never sleep?

All at once Captain Jonas began to hum a low song. The outlaw turned his head and listened. It was just that sort of noise calculated to dull one's senses and in a moment Tom Fallon saw what Captain Jonas was up to.

He was singing the Honduran savage to sleep.

At once the head of the guard dropped a trifle, his chin gradually touched his breast, his hand slid from the rifle stock and all his limbs relaxed.

Tom could have uttered a cry when he saw that the man was really asleep.

The crooning noise went on, the lips of Captain Jonas scarcely moving and as the forest roundabout had grown strangely still, the low droning of the Yankee sailor seemed to have the same effect on Tom's nerves. It was an effort for the American boy to keep awake.

At last the captain of the trader raised his head and ventured to look at Tom. There was triumph in his eyes.

Presently he rolled over to his young companion and held up his hands. They were free!

"Now!" said he in low whispers.

Tom's heart landed in his throat.

Captain Jonas began to tug at the thongs which held him to the tree.

These gave way before him and then he released Tom.

"Wait, my boy."

The figure of the sea captain moved toward the little fire. His hands gently relieved the guard of his rifle and as he came back he stole another gun.

"Get up!"

Tom rose without noise and stood beside his companion.

"Trust a Yankee for tricks," grinned the old salt. "I once tried that trick on some Caribs and it worked to perfection. It's as good as hypnotizing. We're off now."

Silently two forms moved away from the outlaw camp. Captain Jonas carried his weapon at a ready and Tom imitated him. Not a leaf or twig gave out the slightest sound.

"Do you know in what direction we are going?" ventured the boy castaway.

They had come to a small moonlit opening in the forest and Captain Jonas drew forth a small pocket compass which had escaped the prying eyes of his captors.

"You said you were making southwest when you left your friends? I am trying to calculate distance. We seem to be going right."

"Thank heaven!" ejaculated Tom.

For some time they kept on, Tom leaving everything to his stern-faced guide.

"If we should be followed and recaptured, Captain——"

"There'll be two dead Americanos in this wild land, that's all, my boy."

All at once both stopped with their nerves atingle for there had rung through the darkened forest a cry which seemed to chill the very blood in their veins.

Tom gripped his weapon and looked around.

"It's the big cat of Honduras," he heard Captain Jonas whisper.

Tom thought of Maximilian.

"Stand where you are," continued the sailor captain. "The old fellow evidently sees us."

Above the intermingled boughs the moon shone like a silver shield in the heavens. Captain Jonas craned his neck in several directions.

"Look!" he suddenly said.

Tom followed the outstretched hand of his deliverer and recoiled.

Right above their heads in the fork of a tree was a great dark object. A pair of ravenous eyes snapped like electric fires. It was the gigantic cat of Honduras, the most ferocious animal of the tropics, and Tom Fallon saw that the beast was about to spring.

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this remarkable story. You will miss a great treat if you do not read it to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

⁂

Help! Help!

They thought that murder was being done. The people that were passing in West 144th street in New York City stopped when they heard cries of "Help! Help! Help!" coming from the window of an upper flat. They could see nothing wrong. The curtain of the window waved a little in the draft that passed through the half-opened window, and outside on the fire-escape there was a birdcage and a blanket that had been set to air. No policeman was in sight to answer the agonizing cries, but some of the men that had stopped determined to go to the assistance of the person that was calling. They mounted the stairs of the flat-building, and they rang the bell. A woman opened the door, and they could hear faintly the cries of "Help!" It was a minute or two before they could make the woman understand what they wanted, and then the woman smiled. She smiled, and she laughed, and then she led them through the house toward where the cries came from. She led them to the window beyond which was the fire-escape, and there in the birdcage outdoors she showed them a green and yellow parrot that was as angry as a small child because it had been put out in the cold for a few minutes. It was walking solemnly upside down and screaming quite calmly for help. The woman took the bird into the house, and the men turned around and went downstairs.

This Library Table Sent For $1.50

The Great Original Credit House-furnishers

OUR FIVE GREAT CREDIT Catalogs FREE

Our Great Catalog K 18—Furniture and Housefurnishings—positively saves you money, shows you exact reproductions of Carpets, Rugs, Oilcloth and Linoleums in their actual colors, also illustrates and describes Furniture, Curtains, Crockery, Silverware, Baby Carriages, Washing Machines, Sewing Machines, Office Desks, Musical Instruments including Pianos and Organs of famous makes.

Catalog L 18—Stoves and Ranges—Gives complete descriptions and illustrations of the World's Best Stoves and Ranges.

Catalog M 18—Is the great **Watch and Jewelry** guide; illustrates, describes and tells how to save the most money.

Catalog P 18—Clothing for Men—Ask for this Style Book—it tells all about the latest makes and styles, the lowest prices, etc.

Catalog S 18—Clothing for Women and Children—a complete book, illustrating the latest styles and quoting lowest prices.

One or all of these elaborately illustrated money saving books are yours simply for the asking—say which you want, it will be sent FREE.

Here's a Big Opportunity for You

This **Massive Colonial Library Table,** American quartered-sawed Oak finish, beautiful flaky grain, highly polished, spacious drawer, with wood Knobs, Cabinet work the best, is 40 inches long by 24 inches wide. Order No. 2222.

$1.50 Cash 75c monthly payments.
Total price $9.25

Storm shield, elaborately nickeled, collapsible **Go-cart,** full size, Chase leather, hood and body in Maroon, Green or Tan. Half inch rubber tires. Order No. K5884.
$1.50 cash, 75 cents monthly payments.
Total price..................$9.25

This **Handsome Rocker,** Golden Oak or Mahogany finish, nicely carved, upholstered with Chase leather, spring construction. Order No. K1190.
$1.00 cash, 50 cents monthly payments.
Total price.......$5.50

Credit Given to Everybody

On Everything by this great mail order institution—the house with thousands of satisfied customers and a successful record of over 25 years. Goods shipped any place in the United States. You use them while paying—write at once for any or all of our 5 great money-saving catalogs. Address

STRAUS & SCHRAM, Inc.,
Dept. 18 35th Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

$1.00 A MONTH BUYS THIS SEWING MACHINE.

We will sell you a high-grade, drop-head, Sew Easy Sewing Machine for $1.00 a month. We guarantee each machine for Ten years. We ship direct from the factory. We do not sell to stores and we have no agents. We can save you fully one-half. You get the machine at once and use it while you are paying for it, and it only costs you about 3 cents a day. We have many special features in our machine such as short needles which don't break easily. Our shuttles hold half again as much thread as the old spring tension shuttle. We can't tell all the good points in this advertisement, and we couldn't afford to send you a machine on the small dollar a month plan unless we gave big value and low prices. We want you to write us today saying: "Please send me circulars and full particulars about your 'dollar a month' Sewing Machine offer."

FACTORY PRICES

SAVE FULLY ONE HALF

Write Today. Address SHEFFIELD MFG., CO.,
Dept. 5, 1421 Olive Street, St. Louis Mo.

ELGIN WATCHES ON CREDIT

GUARANTEED TO PASS R. R. INSPECTION

Whether You are a RAILROAD MAN or not—
or whether you ever expect to be—

Steve Harris says to you:

"This Fine 16-Size Thin Model Elgin in 25-Year Case, Plain Polished or Hand Engraved, will appeal to you and our Unusual Special Price Saves You $13.50

P. STEPHEN HARRIS, Pres. Harris-Goar Co.

25-YEAR GUARANTEE

You Owe it to Yourself to Investigate this rare offer before it is too late. While these 16-size Thin Model Elgin Railroad Watches last, **you cannot afford to buy any other,** or overlook this grand opportunity to supply yourself with this SUPERB ELGIN RAILROAD WATCH at the sensationally low price of a very ordinary watch. Consider this remarkable opportunity to buy the greatest watch bargain ever offered by a responsible house on the most liberal terms you ever heard of—NO MONEY DOWN—$3.00 after examination by you. Sent prepaid on THIRTY DAYS FREE TRIAL.

30 Days FREE TRIAL THEN $3.00 A MONTH

READ THE FACTORY DESCRIPTION OF THIS WATCH

Lever set, nickle, 17 ruby and sapphire jewels, solid gold settings; adjusted to temperature, isochronism, and five positions; steel escape wheel, exposed sapphire pallet stones; compensating balance; patent Breguet hairspring; patent micrometric regulator; exposed winding wheels; patent recoiling click; patent self-locking setting device; double sunk glass enamel dial; dust ring; engraving inlaid with gold; damaskeened plates; closely timed and finished throughout. Fitted in a double strata gold case, made of two heavy sheets of solid gold, strengthened with an inner sheet of composition, guaranteed by us in writing for 25 years and bearing the factory guarantee for 25 years engraved in the back.

You Assume No Risk in Dealing With Us—Our Reliability is Unquestioned

Traders National Bank
CAPITAL $200,000.00
TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:
We take very great pleasure in recommending the Harris-Goar Company to the business public. The company has large financial resources, and we have had a personal acquaintance with Mr. Harris and Mr. Goar for some seven or eight years, during which time the company has carried a very valuable account with our bank.
These gentlemen bear an excellent reputation for honesty and integrity, and there is no doubt in our minds about their faithfully carrying out any contracts and agreements they may enter into with those purchasing goods from them.
Very truly yours,
J. R. DOMINICK, Pres.

WRITE FOR OUR FREE CATALOG

It tells all about our easy Credit Plan and how we place the watch right in your own hands and let it do its own talking before you buy or pay one cent. We know you can't duplicate our Special Price on this magnificent Railroad Watch when we sell it to you in a 25-year gold case at $26.50, but we want to add you to our list of 75,000 satisfied customers.

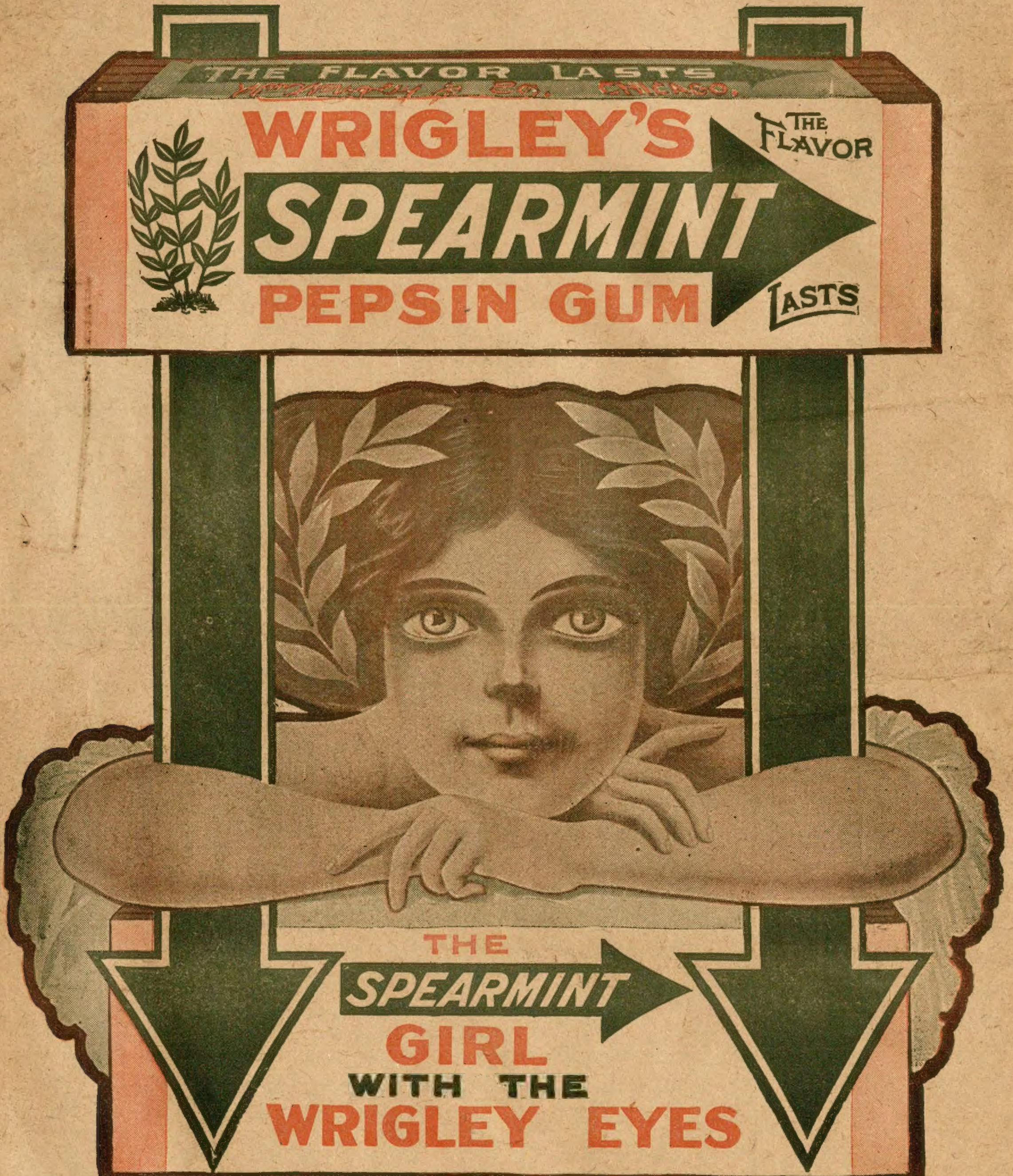
Drop Us a Postal Card Today

With your name and address and we will send you our ***Big Watch and Diamond Book FREE***—also a FREE COPY of STEVE HARRIS' latest book entitled, ***"Facts vs Bunc"*** or how to get posted on the watch business. WRITE TODAY!

HARRIS-GOAR CO. DEPT. 131, KANSAS CITY, MO.

THE HOUSE THAT SELLS MORE ELGIN WATCHES THAN ANY OTHER FIRM IN THE WORLD

Girls Who Once Chew SPEARMINT Are SPEARMINT Girls Alway


THE FLAVOR LASTS
Wm. Wrigley Jr. & Co. CHICAGO.
WRIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT
PEPSIN GUM
THE FLAVOR
LASTS
THE
SPEARMINT
GIRL
WITH THE
WRIGLEY EYES

This Confection Costs Least! **It Benefits Most!**

If Everybody Chewed it, all Teeth would be White. All Breath would be Right.

Everyone would approve of it because everyone would benefit by it.

After every meal chew the Goody that's Good for You!

Look for the Spear! **The Flavor Lasts!**